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from Christopher Temple.

Godfrey Russell

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. II.

Yet, blame not him, by long injustice taught
And base ingratitude, the world to shun;
Nor marvel much, that where he fondly sought
Friendship and peace, till finding one by one,
His friends all faithless, and himself undone,
He can no more in confidence repose;
Joyless to him, sweet bloom and summer sun!
His, oft a heart, tho' bleeding with its woes,
That pants the friend to meet, and could forgive its foes!

COURTIER.

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe Lane.

M. C. Temple
Livingston 1006

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Loin d'aimer la guerre, il l'abhorre ;
En triomphant il plaint il déplore
Les desastres qu'elle produit :
Et couronné par la victoire,
Il gémit de sa propre gloire,
Si la paix n'en est pas le fruit.

BY

MISS PORTER.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.

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THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE count Sobieski was cordially received by his worthy landlady; indeed he never stood in more need of kindness. A slow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him since he quitted Poland, settled on his lungs; and reduced him to such weakness, that he possessed neither strength nor spirits to stir abroad.

Mrs. Robson was greatly distressed at this sudden and violent illness of her guest: Her own son, the father of the orphans whom she protected, died a victim to a consumption.

Thaddeus gave himself up entirely to her management: he had no money for medical assistance; and, to please her, he

took what little medicines she prepared. According to her advice, he remained for several days shut up in his chamber, with a large fire, his curtains drawn, and the shutters closed, to exclude the smallest portion of that air, which, the good woman thought, had already stricken him with death.

But all would not do; her patient became worse and worse. Frightened at the symptoms, Mrs. Robson begged leave to send for the apothecary who had attended her deceased son. In this instance only, she found the count obstinate: no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him. When she stood weeping holding his burning hand, his answer was constantly of this kind:

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robson, grieve on my account; I am not in the danger you think; I shall do very well with your assistance."

"No, no; I see death in your eyes
Can I feel this hand, and see that hectic
cheek,

cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were opening before me?"

She was not much mistaken; for, during the night after this debate, Thaddeus grew so delirious, that, no longer able to subdue her terrors, she sent for the apothecary to come instantly to her house.

"O! doctor," cried she, as the man ascended the stairs, "I have the best young gentleman ever the sun shone on, dying in that room! He would not let me send for you; and now he is raving like a mad creature."

Mr. Vincent entered the count's humble apartment, and undrew the curtains of the bed. Thaddeus, exhausted by his delirium, had sunk back senseless on the pillow. Mrs. Robson, at this sight supposing him dead, uttered a shriek, which was in a moment echoed by the cries of the little William, who stood near his grandmother.

"Hush, my good woman," said the

doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead; leave the room till you have recovered yourself, and I will engage that you shall see him alive when you return."

Mrs. Robson, considering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandson.

Mr. Vincent on entering the chamber, saw that the hot and stifling state of the room augmented the fever of his patient; and, before he attempted to disturb him from the temporary rest of insensibility, he opened the window-shutters, unclosed the room-door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, and pulling the heavy clothes down from the count's bosom, raised his head on his arm, and poured some drops into his mouth. Sobieski opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did so; for he several times stopped in the midst

of

of some confused speech, and, laying his hand on his forehead, strove to recollect himself.

Mrs. Robson soon after entered the room, and poured out her thanks to the apothecary, whom she regarded as almost a worker of miracles.

"I must bleed him, Mrs. Robson," continued he; "and for that purpose shall go home for my assistant and lancets: but, in the mean while, I charge you to let every thing remain in the state I have left it. The heat alone would have given a fever to a man in health."

When the apothecary returned, he saw that his commands had been strictly obeyed; and finding that the change of atmosphere had wrought some alteration in his patient, he took his arm without any difficulty, and bled him. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the wound before he tried to recover him: "look here, Tom,"

pointing to the scars on his arm and breast; "see what terrible cuts have been here! This has not been playing at soldiers! Who is your lodger, Mrs. Robson?"

"His name is Constantine, Mr. Vincent. But, for heaven's sake, restore him out of that swoon."

Mr. Vincent poured more drops into his mouth; and a minute afterwards, he opened his eyes, divested of their feverish glare, but still dull and heavy. He spoke to Mrs. Robson by her name; which gave her such delight, that she caught his hand to her lips, and burst into tears. The action was so instantaneous and violent, that it made him feel the stiffness of his arm; and, casting his eyes towards the men, who stood near the bed, he conjectured what had been his state, and what the consequence.

"Come, Mrs. Robson," said the apothecary, "you must not disturb the gentleman. How do you find yourself, sir?"

As

As the deed could not be recalled, Thaddeus thanked the doctor for the service he had received; and said a few kind and grateful words to his good hostess.

Mr. Vincent was glad to see so promising an issue to his proceedings, and soon after retired with his assistant and Mrs. Robson, to give further directions.

On entering the kitchen, she threw herself into a chair, and broke into a paroxysm of lamentations.

"My good woman, what is all this about?" enquired the doctor. "Is not my patient better?"

"Yes," cried she, drying her eyes; "but the bed in which he lies, the whole scene, puts me so in mind of the last moments of my poor misguided son, that the very sight of it goes through my heart like a knife. Oh! had my boy been as good as that dear gentleman, had he been as well prepared to die, I think I would

scarcely have grieved! Yet heaven spare Mr. Constantine. Will he live?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Robson; his fever is inveterate; but he is young, and with extreme care, we may preserve him."

"The Lord grant it!" cried she, "for he is the best gentleman I ever beheld. He has been above a week with me; and till this night, in which he lost his senses, though hardly able to breathe or see, he has read out of books which he brought with him; and good books too: for it was but yesterday morning that I saw the dear soul sitting by the fire with a book on the table, which he had been studying near an hour; as I was dusting about, I saw him lay his head down on it, and put his hand to his temples. "Alas! Sir," said I, "you tease your brains with these books of learning, when you ought to be taking rest."---"No, Mrs. Robson," returned he, with a sweet smile, "It is this book which affords me rest.---I have amused

amused myself with others, and decked my mind in their gay apparel; but this alone, contains perfect beauty, perfect wisdom, and perfect peace. It is the only infallible soother of human sorrows." He closed it, and put it on the chimney-piece; and when I looked at it afterwards, I saw it was the Scriptures.---Can you wonder that I should love so excellent a gentleman?"

"You have given a strange account of your lodger," replied Vincent: "I hope he is not a methodist; for if so, I shall despair of his cure, and think that his delirium had another cause besides fever."

"A methodist! No, Sir: he is a christian; and as good a reasonable sweet tempered gentleman, as ever came into a house. Alas! I believe he is more like a papist; though they say papists don't read the bible, but worship images."

"Why, what reason have you to suppose that? He's an Englishman, is he not?"

"O no, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! O, ho!" cried Vincent, with a discontented and contemptuous raise of his eye-brows and voice; "what, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord, how this town is over-run with these fellows!"

"No, doctor;" exclaimed Mrs. Robson, much hurt at this affront to her lodger, whom she really loved; "whatever he be, he is not *poor*, for he has a power of fine things; he has got a watch all over diamonds, and diamond rings, and diamond pictures without number. So, doctor, you need not fear you are attending him for charity; no, I would sell my gown first."

"Nay, don't be offended, Mrs. Robson! I meant no offence," returned he, much mollified by this explanation; "but really, when we see the bread that should feed our children, and our own poor, eaten up by a parcel of lazy French drones, who have covered our land, and destroyed

destroyed its produce, like a swarm of filthy locusts, we should be fools not to murmur. But Mr. — Mr. —, what did you call him, Mrs. Robson? is a different sort of a body."

"Mr. Constantine," replied she, "and indeed he is; and no doubt, when you recover him, he will pay you as though he were in his own country."

This last assertion banished all remaining suspicion from the apothecary; and, after giving the good woman what orders he thought requisite, he returned home, promising to call in the evening.

Mrs. Robson went up stairs to the count's chamber, with other sentiments towards her sapient doctor than those with which she came down. She well recollected the substance of his discourse; and she gathered from it, that however clever he might be in his profession, he was a hard-hearted man, who would rather see a fellow-creature perish, than administer relief to him without a reward.

But here Mrs. Robson was mistaken. She did him justice in esteeming his medical abilities, which were great: he had made medicine the study of his life; and, not allowing any other occupation to disturb his attention, he became master of that science, but remained ignorant of every other with which it had no connection. He was the father of a family; and, in the usual acceptation of the term, a very good sort of a man; he preferred his country to every other, because it was his country; he loved his wife and his children: he was kind to the poor, to whom he gave his advice gratis, and letters to the dispensary for drugs; and when he had any broken victuals to spare, he desired that it might be divided amongst them; but he seldom caught his maid obeying this part of his commands, without reprimanding her for her extravagance in giving away what ought to be eaten in the kitchen---"in these times it was a shame to waste a crumb; and the careless hussey

hussey would come to want, for thinking so lightly of other people's property."

Thus, like many in the world, he was a loyal citizen by habit, an affectionate father from nature, and a man of charity, because he now and then felt pity, and now and then heard it preached from the pulpit. He was exhorted to be pious, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of his neighbour; but it never once struck him, that piety extended farther than going to church, mumbling his prayers, and forgetting the sermon, through most of which he generally slept: and his commentaries on the Good Samaritan were not more extensive; for it was so difficult to make him comprehend who was his *neighbour*, that the object of the argument might have been sick, dead, and buried before he could be persuaded that he had just claims on his care. Indeed, his "charity began at home;" and it was so fond of its residence, that it "stopped there." To have been born on the other

side

side of the British channel, spread an ocean between the poor foreigner and Mr. Vincent's purse, which, to this hour, the swiftest wings of charity could never cross. "He saw no reason," he said, "for feeding the natural enemies of our country. Would any man be mad enough to take the meat from his children's mouths, and throw it to a swarm of wolves just landed on the coast?" These wolves were his favourite metaphors, when he spoke of the unhappy French, or of any other pennyless foreigners, who came in his way.

After this explanation, it will appear paradoxical to mention an inconsistency in the mind of Mr. Vincent, which never permitted him to discover the above Cainish mark of outlawry, upon the wealthy stranger of whatever country. In fact, it was with him as with many: riches were a splendid and thick robe that concealed all blemishes; take it away, and probably the poor stripped wretch would

would be treated even worse than his crimes deserved.

That his new patient possessed some property, was sufficient to ensure the respect and medical skill of Mr. Vincent; and when he entered his own house, he told his wife that he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robson's, in the illness of her lodger."

When the count Sobieski quitted the Hummums, on the evening in which he brought away his baggage, he was so disconcerted by the impertinence of the man who accosted him there, that he determined not to expose himself to a similar insult, by retaining a title, which might subject him to the curiosity of the insolent and insensible; and therefore, when Mrs. Robson asked him how she should address him, as he was averse to assume a feigned name, he merely said *Mr. Constantine.*

Under that unobtrusive character, he hoped, in time, to accommodate his feelings

ings to the change of fortune which Providence had allotted to him. He must forget his nobility, his pride, and his sensibility; he must earn his subsistence. But by what means? He was ignorant of business; and he knew not how to turn his accomplishments to account.---Such were his meditations, until illness and delirium deprived him of them, and of reason, together.

At the expiration of a week, in which Mr. Vincent attended his patient very regularly, Sobieski was able to remove into the front room; but uneasiness about the debts which he had so unintentionally incurred, retarded his recovery; and made his hours pass away in cheerless meditation on the means of repaying the good widow, and of satisfying the avidity of the apothecary. Pecuniary obligation was a load, to which he was unaccustomed; and, once or twice, the wish almost escaped his heart, that he had died.

Whenever he was left to think, such were

were his reflections; but Mrs. Robson, who discovered that he appeared more feverish, and had worse nights, after being much alone during the day, contrived, though she was obliged to be in her little shop, to leave either Nanny to attend his wants, or little William to amuse him.

This child, by its uncommon quickness, and artless manner, gained upon the count, who was ever alive to helplessness and innocence. Children and animals always found a friend and protector in him. From the "*majestic war-horse, with his neck cloathed in thunder,*" to "*the poor beetle that we tread upon,*" every creature of creation, met an advocate of mercy in his breast: and, as human nature is prone to love what it has been kind to, Thaddeus never saw either children, dogs, or even that poor slandered and abused animal the cat, without shewing them some spontaneous act of attention.

Whatever of his affection he could spare

spare from memory, the count lavished upon the little William. He hardly ever left his side, where he sat on a stool, prattling about any thing that came into his head; or, seated on his knee, he followed, with his eyes and playful fingers, the hand of Thaddeus as he sketched a horse or a soldier for his pretty companion.

In this way he slowly acquired sufficient strength to allow him to quit his dressing-gown, and prepare for a walk.

A hard frost succeeded to the chilling damps of November, and looking out of the window, he longed, almost eagerly, again to inhale the fresh air. After some tender altercations with Mrs. Robson, who feared to trust him even down stairs, he at length conquered; and taking the little William in his hand, folded his pelisse round him, and promising to venture no farther than the King's Mews, was suffered to go out.

As he expected, he found the keen breeze

breeze act like a charm on his debilitated frame; and, with braced nerves and exhilarated spirits, he walked twice up and down the place, whilst his companion played before him, throwing stones, and running to pick them up. At this moment, one of the king's carriages, pursued by a concourse of people, suddenly drove in at the Charing-cross gate. The frightened child screamed and fell. Thaddeus, seeing its danger, darted forward, and seizing the heads of the horses, which were within a yard of the boy, stopped them; meanwhile, the mob gathering about, one of them lifted up William, who continued his cries. The count now let go the reins, and, for a few minutes, tried to pacify his little charge; but finding that his alarm and shrieks were not to be quelled, and that his own figure, from its singularity of dress, (his high cap and feathers adding much to his height,) drew on him the whole attention of the people, (who quitted the carriage, and collected

collected round him,) he took the trembling child in his arms, and, walking through the Mews, was followed by some of the by-standers almost to the very door of Mrs. Robson's shop.

Seeing the people, and her grandson sobbing on the breast of her guest, she ran out, and hastily asked what had happened. Thaddeus simply answered, that the boy had been frightened. But when they entered the house, and he had thrown himself, exhausted on a seat, William, as he stood by his knee, told his grandmother, that if Mr. Constantine had not stopped the horses, he must have been run over. The count was now obliged to relate the whole story; which ended with the blessings of the poor woman for his goodness in risking his own life for the preservation of her darling child.

Thaddeus in vain assured her that the action deserved no thanks.

"Well," cried she, "it is like yourself, Mr. Constantine; you think all your good

good deeds nothing: and yet any little odd thing that I can do, out of pure love, to serve you, you cry up to the skies. However, we won't fall out; I say Heaven bless you, and that is enough!—Has your walk refreshed you? But I need not ask; you have got a fine colour."

"Yes," returned he, rising and taking off his cap and cloak, "it has put me in a glow, and made me quite another creature." As he finished speaking, he dropped the things from the hand that held them, and staggered back a few paces against the wall.

"Good Lord! what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Robson, alarmed, and looking in his face, which was now as pale as death, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned he, recovering himself, and gathering up the cloak he had let fall, "don't mind me, Mrs. Robson; nothing," and he was leaving the kitchen, but she followed him, terrified at his look and manner.

"Pray,

"Pray, Mr. Constantine!"

"Nay, my dear madam," said he, leading her back, "I am not well; I believe my walk has overcome me. Let me be a few minutes alone, till I have recovered myself. It will oblige me."

"Well, sir, as you please!" and she curtsied; then laying her withered hand fearfully upon his arm, "forgive me, dear sir," said she, "if my attentions are troublesome? Indeed I fear, that sometimes great love appears like great impertinence; I would always be serving you, and therefore I often forget the wide difference between your honour's station and mine."

The count could only press her hand gratefully, and with an emotion, that made him hurry up stairs. When in his own room, he shut the door, and cast a wild and inquisitive gaze around the apartment; then throwing himself into a chair, he struck his head with his hand, and exclaimed, "It is gone! What will become

come of me? of this poor woman, whose substance I have consumed?"

It was true, the watch, by the sale of which he calculated to defray the charges of his illness, was indeed lost. A villain, in the crowd, having perceived the sparkling of the chain to which it was united, had taken it unobserved from his side; and he knew nothing of his loss, until feeling for it, to see the hour, he discovered his misfortune.

The shock went like a stroke of electricity through his frame; but it was not until the last glimmering of hope was extinguished, on his examining his room, where he thought he might have left it, that he saw the full horror of his situation.

He sat for some minutes, absorbed, and almost afraid to think. It was not his own, but the necessities of the poor woman, who had perhaps incurred debts on herself to afford him comforts, which bore

so hard upon him. At last, rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I must determine on something. Since this is gone, I must seek what else I have to part with, for I cannot long bear suspence."

He opened the drawer which contained his few valuables.

With a trembling hand he took them out one by one. There were several trinkets which had been given to him by his mother; and a pair of inlaid pistols which his grandfather put into his belt on the morning of the dreadful tenth of October; his miniature lay beneath them; the mild eyes of the palatine seemed beaming with affection upon his grandson: Thaddeus snatched it up, kissed it fervently, and then laid it back into the drawer, whilst he hid his face with his hands.

When he recovered himself, he replaced the pistols, believing that it would be sacrilege

crilege to part with them. Without allowing himself time to think, he put a gold pencil-case, and a pair of brilliant sleeve-buttons, into his waistcoat-pocket.

He descended the stairs with a soft step, and passing the kitchen-door unperceived by his landlady, crossed through a little court; and then anxiously looking from right to left, to find any place in which he might probably dispose of the trinkets, he took his way up Castle-street, and along Leicester-square.

When he turned up the first street to his right, he was impeded by two persons who stood in his path, the one selling, the other buying, a hat. The thought immediately struck Thaddeus, of asking one of these men (who appeared to be a Jew and a vender of clothes) to purchase his pelise. By parting with a thing to which he annexed no more value than the warmth it afforded him, he should possibly spare himself the pain, for this time

at least, of sacrificing those gifts of his mother, which had been bestowed upon him in happier days, and hallowed by her caresses.

He did not permit himself to hesitate, but desired the Jew to follow him, into a neighbouring court. The man obeyed; and having no ideas independent of his trade, asked the count what he wanted to buy?

"Nothing: I want to sell this pelise," returned he, opening it. The Jew, without any ceremony, inspected the covering and the fur.

"Aye, I see it is black, lined with sable; who would buy it of me? It is embroidered, and nobody wears such things here."

"Then I am answered," replied Thaddeus.

"Stop, sir," cried the Jew, pursuing him; "what will you take for it?"

"What would you give me?"

"Let

"Let me see. It is very long and wide. At the utmost I cannot offer you more than five guineas.

A few months ago, it had cost the count twelve times as much; but glad to get any money, however small, he readily closed with the man's price; and, taking off the cloak, he gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much farther, before the piercing cold of the evening, and a shower of snow, which began to fall, made him feel the effects of his loss; however that did not annoy him; he had been too heavily assailed by the pitiless rigours of misfortune, to regard the pelting of the elements. Whilst the wind blew in his face, and the sleet falling on his dress, lodged in its embroidered lappels, he went forward, calculating whether it were likely that this money, with the few shillings he yet possessed, would be sufficient to discharge what he owed. Unused as he had been to all kinds of

expenditure which required attention, he supposed, from what he had already seen of a commerce with the world, that the sum he had received from the Jew, was not above half what he wanted; and, with a beating heart, he walked towards one of those shops, which Mrs. Robson described, when she spoke of the irregularities of her son, who had nearly reduced her to beggary.

The candles were lit. And, as he hovered about the door, he distinctly saw the master through the glass, assorting some parcels on the counter. He was a gentleman-like man; and the count's feelings took quite a different turn from those with which he had accosted the Jew; who, being a low sordid wretch, that looked upon the people with whom he trafficked as pieces of wood, Thaddeus felt little repugnance at bargaining with him: but the sight of a respectable person, before whom he was to present himself as a man in poverty, as one who in a

manner

manner appealed to charity, all at once overcame the resolution of Sobieski, and he debated whether or not he should return. Mrs. Robson, and her probable distresses, rose before him; and, fearful of trusting his pride any farther, he pulled his cap over his face, and entered the shop.

The man bowed very civilly on his entrance, and requested to be honoured with his commands. Thaddeus felt his face glow; but, indignant at his own weakness, he walked up to the counter, and laying down the gold case, said, in a voice which, notwithstanding his emotion, he compelled to be without appearance of confusion, "I want to part with this."

The man, astonished at the dignity of his air, and the nobility of his dress, (for the star did not escape his eye,) looked at him for a moment, holding the case in his hand. The count, hurt by the steadiness of his gaze, rather haughtily repeated what he had said. The man hesitated no

longer. He had been accustomed to similar requests from the emigrant French *noblesse:* but there was a loftiness, and an air of authority, in the countenance and mien of this person, which surprised and awed him; and with a respect, which even the application could not counteract, he opened the case, and inquired of Thaddeus, what was the price he affixed to it.

"I leave that to you," replied the count.

"The gold is solid," returned the man, laying it down, "but it is very thin; I cannot give more than three guineas. Though the workmanship is fine, it is not in the fashion of England, and will be of no benefit to me till it is melted."

"You may have it;" said Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, as he again laid the gift of his mother out of his hand.

The man directly paid him down the money, and the count, with a bursting heart, darted out of the shop.

Mrs.

Mrs. Robson was shutting up the windows of her little parlour, when he hastily passed her, and glided up the stairs. Hardly believing her senses, she hastened after him, and just got into the room as he drank off a glass of water.

"Good Lord, sir;" cried she, "where has your honour been? I thought you were all the while in the house, and I would not come near, though I was very uneasy; and there has been poor William crying himself blind, because you desired to be left alone."

Thaddeus was unprepared to make an answer. He was in hopes to have gotten in as he had stolen out, undiscovered; for he determined not to agitate her good mind, by the history of his loss. He would not allow her to know any thing of his embarrassments, from a sentiment of justice, as well as of that pride, which all his sufferings and philosophy could not wholly subdue.

"I have been taking a walk, Mrs. Robson."

"Dear heart! I thought when you staggered back, and looked so ill, after you brought in William, that you had over-walked yourself!"

"No; I fancy my fears had a little discomposed me; and I hoped that more air might do me good; I tried it, and it has: but I am grieved for having alarmed you."

This ambiguous speech perfectly satisfied his kind landlady. Thaddeus, much fatigued by a bodily exertion, which, in the present feeble state of his frame, nothing less than the perturbation of his mind could have carried him through, went directly to bed, where tired nature soon found temporary repose in a profound sleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

NEXT morning, the count found himself rather better than worse by the exertions of the preceding day. When Nanny appeared as usual with his breakfast, and little William, (who always sat on his knee, and shared his bread and butter,) he desired her to request her grandmother to send to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and to tell him, that he was so well at present as to decline any farther medical aid, and, therefore, wished to have his bill.

Mrs. Robson, who could not forget the behaviour of the apothecary, undertook to deliver the message herself, happy in the triumph she should enjoy over the littleness of Mr. Vincent's suspicions.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour,

she re-appeared in the count's room with the apothecary's assistant; who, with many thanks, received the sum total of his accompt, which amounted to three guineas for ten days' attendance.

The man having withdrawn, Thaddeus told Mrs. Robson, he must next defray the smallest part of the vast debt, which his heart should ever owe to her parental care.

"O, bless your honour; it goes to my heart to take a farthing of you! but these poor children," cried she, laying a hand on each, and her eyes glistening; "they look up to me as their all here, and my quarter-day was due yesterday, else, dear sir, I should have scorned to have been like doctor Vincent, and have taken your money the moment you offered it."

"My good madam," returned Sobieski, giving her a chair, "I am sensible of your kindness; but it is your just due; and the payment of it can never lessen my gratitude for the friendship which you have shewn to me, a poor stranger."

"Then,

"Then, there, sir;" said she, looking almost as ashamed as if she were robbing him, when she laid it on the table, "there is my bill. I have regularly set down every thing. Nanny will bring it to me." And the good woman, quite disconcerted, hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with admiration and reverence.

"There goes," thought he, "in that lowly and feeble frame, as generous and noble a spirit as ever animated the breast of a princess!—Here, Nanny," said he, glancing his eye over the paper, "there is the gold, with my thanks; and tell your grandmother that I am astonished at her economy."

This affair over, the count was relieved of a grievous load; and, turning the remaining money in his hand, how he might replenish the little stock before it were expended, next occupied his attention. Notwithstanding the pawn-broker's

civil treatment, he recoiled at again presenting himself at his shop. Besides, should he dispose of all that he possessed, it would not be of sufficient value to subsist him for a month. He must think of some source within himself that was not likely to be so soon exhausted. To be reduced a second time to the misery which he had endured yesterday, from suspence and wretchedness, appeared too dreadful to be hazarded; and he ran over in his memory, the different merits of his several accomplishments.

He could not make any use of his musical talents, for, at public exhibitions of himself, his soul revolted; and as to his literary acquirements, his youth, and being a foreigner, precluded all hopes on that head. At length he found that his sole dependence must rest on his talents for painting. Of this art he had always been remarkably fond; and his taste easily perceived that there were many drawings exhibited

hibited for sale, much inferior to those which he had executed for mere amusement.

He decided at once; and purchasing, by the means of Nanny, pencils and Indian ink, he set to work.

When he had finished half a dozen drawings, and was considering how he might find the street in which he had seen the print-shops, the recollection occurred to him of the impression his appearance had made on the pawnbroker. He perceived the wide difference between his apparel and the fashion of England; and, seeing with what security from impertinence he might walk about, if he could so far cast off the relics of his former rank as to change his dress, he got up with an intention to go out, and purchase a surtout coat, and hat, for that purpose; but catching an accidental view of his figure, and the star of St. Stanislaus, as he passed the glass to the door, he no longer wondered at the curiosity, which

such

such an appendage, united with poverty, had attracted. Rather than again subject himself to a similar situation, he summoned his young messenger; and, by her assistance, furnished himself with an English hat and coat, whilst, with his penknife, he cut away the embroidery of the order, from the cloth to which it was affixed.

Thus accoutred, with his hat flapped over his face, and his great coat wrapped round him, he put his drawings into his bosom, and, about eight o'clock, walked out on his disagreeable errand. After some wearying search, he at last found Great Newport Street, the place he wanted; but as he advanced, his hopes died away, and his fears and reluctance awakened.

He stopped at the door of the nearest print-shop. All that he had suffered at the pawn-broker's, re-assailed him, if possible, with redoubled violence. What he presented there, possessed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refused; but

but now he was going to offer things of mere taste, and he might meet not only with a flat denial, but affronting remarks.

He walked to the threshold of the door, then as hastily withdrew, and hurried two or three paces down the street.

"Weak, contemptible, that I am!" said he to himself, as he again turned round, "where is all my reason and rectitude of principle, that I would rather endure the misery of dependence and self-reproach, than dare the attempt to seek support from the fruits of my own industry?"

He quickened his step, and started into the shop, almost fearful of his former irresolution. He threw his drawings instantly upon the counter.

"Sir, you purchase drawings. I have these to sell. Will they suit you?"

The man took them up without deigning to look at the person who accosted him, and turning them over in his hand, "One, two, three, hum! there is half a dozen.

a dozen. What do you expect for them?"

"I am not acquainted with the prices of these things."

The printseller hearing this, thought, by managing well, to get them for what he liked, and throwing them over with an air of contempt, resumed,

"And pray, where may the views be taken?"

"They are recollections of scenes in different parts of Germany."

"Ah," replied the man, "mere drugs! I wish, my honest friend, that you could have brought subjects not quite so thread-bare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things at best! But every dauber, now-a-days, sets up for a fine artist; and thinks that *we* are to *pay* him for his idleness and conceit."

Thaddeus, insulted by the speech, and, above all, the manner of the print-seller, was snatching up the drawings, to leave the shop without a word, when the man, observ-

observing his design, and afraid to lose them, laid his hand on the heap, exclaiming,

"Let me tell you, young man, it does not become a person in your situation to be so huffy to their employers. I will give you a guinea for the six, and you may think yourself well paid."

Without further hesitation, whilst the count was striving to subdue the choler which urged him to knock him down, the man laid the gold on the counter, and was slipping the drawings into a drawer; but Thaddeus, snatching them out again, suddenly rolled them up, and, walked out of the shop as he said:

"Not all the money, of all your tribe, would tempt an honest man to pollute himself by exchanging a second word with one so contemptible."

Irritated at this unfeeling treatment, he returned home too much provoked, to think much of the consequences which might follow a similar disappointment.

The

The widow, who, in some measure, had become used to the fluctuations of the count's looks and behaviour, ceased altogether to tease him with inquiries which she saw he was loth to answer. She now allowed him to walk in and out without a remark; and silently contemplated his pale and melancholy countenance, when, after a ramble of the greatest part of the day, he returned home exhausted and dispirited.

William was always the first to welcome his friend at the threshold, by running to him, taking hold of his coat, and asking to go with him up stairs. The count usually gratified him; and brightened many dull hours, with his innocent caresses.

This child was literally his only earthly comfort; for he saw that, in him, he could still excite those emotions of happiness, which had once afforded him his sweetest joy. William ever greeted him with smiles; and when he entered the kitchen,

kitchen, sprang to his bosom, as if that were the seat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fortune seemed averse to lend any thing long to the unhappy Thaddeus, which might render his desolate state more tolerable.

Just arisen from the bed of sickness, he required the hand of some tender nurse to restore his wasted vigour, instead of being reduced to the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent disappointment, added to a cold which he caught, increased his fever and debility; yet he adhered to the determination, not to appropriate to his own subsistence, the few valuables, which he had assigned as a deposit for the charges of his rent. During a fortnight he never tasted any thing better than bread and water; but this hermit's fare was accompanied by the thought, that, if it ended in death, his sufferings would then be over; and the widow amply remunerated by what little of his property remained.

In

In this state of body and mind, he received a most painful shock, when, one evening, returning from a walk of many hours, in the place of his little favourite, he met Mrs. Robson in tears at the door. She told him that William had been sickening all the day, and was now so delirious, that neither she nor his sister could hold him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the side of the child's bed, where he lay gasping on the pillow, and held down by the crying Nanny. The count touched his cheek.

"Poor child," exclaimed he, "he is in a high fever. Have you sent for Mr. Vincent?"

"O, no; I had not the heart to leave him."

"Then I will go directly," returned Thaddeus; "there is not a moment to be lost."

The poor woman thanked him. Hastening through the streets with a rapidity and eagerness, which nearly overset many of

of the foot passengers, he arrived at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in less than five minutes after he had quitted Mrs. Robson's door, he brought back the apothecary.

On Mr. Vincent's examining the pulse and countenance of his little patient, he declared the symptoms to be the small pox, which some casualty had repelled, but must be brought out, else the boy's life might be in danger.

Mrs. Robson, in a paroxysm of distress, now recollected that a girl had been brought into her shop three days ago, just recovered from that frightful malady.

Thaddeus tried to subdue the fears of the grandmother; and at last succeeded in persuading her to go to bed, whilst he and Nanny would watch by the pillow of the invalid.

Towards morning, the disorder broke out in the child's face, and he recovered his recollection. The moment he fixed his eyes on the count, who was leaning over

over him with parental solicitude, he stretched out his little arms, and begged to lie on his breast. Thaddeus refused him gently, fearing that, by any change of position, he might catch cold, and so again retard what had now so fortunately appeared; but the poor child thought the denial unkind, and began to weep so violently, that his anxious friend believed it better to gratify him, than hazard the irritation of his fever by agitation and crying.

Thaddeus took him out of bed, and, rolling him in one of the blankets, laid him in his bosom, and drawing his dressing gown round him, to shield his face from the fire, held him in that situation asleep for nearly two hours.

When Mrs. Robson came down stairs at six o'clock in the morning, she kissed the hand of the count as he sustained her grandson in his arms, and, almost speechless with gratitude to him, and solicitude for the child, waited the arrival of the apothecary.

On

On his second visit, he said a few words to her of comfort; but whispered to the count, as he was feeling William's pulse, that nothing short of the strictest care could save the boy, the infection he had received being of the most malignant kind.

These words of Mr. Vincent, fell like an unrepealable sentence on the heart of Thaddeus. They appeared prophetic. Casting his eyes down on the discoloured features of the patient infant, he fancied that he already beheld its clay-cold face, and its little limbs, stretched in death. The idea was bitterness to him; and, pressing the boy to his breast, he resolved that no attention should be wanting on his part, to preserve him one moment from the grave. And he kept his promise.

From that hour, until the day in which the poor babe expired in his arms, he never laid him out of them for ten minutes together: and when he did breathe his last sigh, and raised up his little eyes, Thaddeus met their dying glance with

apang,

a pang, which he thought his soul had long lost the power to feel. His heart seemed to stop: and, covering the motionless face of the dead child with his hand, unable to speak, he made a sign to Nanny to leave the room.

The girl, who from respect, had been accustomed to obey even his slightest nod, went to her grandmother, who was in the shop.

The instant the girl quitted the room, the count, with mingled awe and grief, lifted the little corpse from his knee; and without allowing himself to cast another glance on the face of the poor infant now released from suffering, he put it on the bed, and throwing the sheet over it, sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Robson, in some measure restored him; for, the moment she perceived her guest with his handkerchief over his eyes, she judged what had happened, and, with a piercing scream, flew forward to the bed, where, pulling down

down the covering, she uttered another shriek, and must have fallen on the floor, had not Thaddeus, and little Nanny, who ran in at her cries, caught her in their arms, and bore her to a chair.

Her soul was too much agitated to allow her to continue long in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered she would have again approached the deceased child, but the count held her down, and, trying by every means in his power to soothe her, so far succeeded as to melt her agonies into tears.

Whilst she concealed her venerable head in the bosom of her grand-daughter, he once more lifted the remains of the little William; and thinking it best, for the tranquillity of the unhappy grandmother, to take him out of her sight, carried him up stairs, and laid him on his own bed.

By the time that he returned to the kitchen, one of the female neighbours having heard an unusual outcry, had ass-

indebted one instant to his mercy. I will pay him."

The words had passed his lips: he could not retract, though conviction immediately followed, that he had not the means: and he would not have retracted, even should he be necessitated to sell every thing that he possessed.

Mrs. Robson was overwhelmed by this generous promise, which indeed saved her from ruin. Had her little plate been pledged, it could not have covered one half of Mr. Vincent's demand: who, to do him justice, would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in his shop, as have done any thing intentionally to cause the distress which he had occasioned. But, having been so readily paid by Thaddeus for his own illness; and observing his great care and affection for the deceased child, he did not doubt, that rather than allow Mrs. Robson a minute's uneasiness, her lodger would defray

fray his bill. So far he calculated right; but he had not sufficient sagacity to foresee, that in getting his money this way, he should lose the future business of Mrs. Robson and her friend.

The child was to be buried on the morrow; the expences of which event, Thaddeus saw that he must discharge also:—and he had engaged to pay Mr. Vincent that night. He had not a shilling in his purse. Over and over, he contemplated the impracticability of answering these debts; yet he could not for an instant repent of what he had undertaken: he thought he was amply recompensed for bearing so heavy a load, in knowing that he had taken it off the worn-down heart of another.

Since his unmannerly treatment at the printseller's, he had not sufficiently conquered his pride, to attempt an application to another. Therefore, he had no prospect, of collecting the money, but by

selling some more of his valuables to the pawnbroker.

For this purpose, he took his sabre, his pistols, and the fated brilliants which he had brought back on a similar errand. He lifted them out of their deposit with less reluctance than before. They were now going to be devoted to gratitude and benevolence; an act which he knew his parents, were they alive, would warmly approve; and here he allowed the end to sanctify the means.

About half after six in the evening, he prepared himself for his task. Whether it be congenial with melancholy to seek the gloom, or whether the count found himself less observed under the shades of night, is not evident; but, since his exile, he preferred the dusk to any other part of the day.

Before he went out, he asked Mrs. Robson for Mr. Vincent's bill. Sinking with obligation and shame, she put it into his hand,

hand, and he left the house. When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to see the amount; and finding it was almost two pounds, he hastened forwards to the pawnbroker's.

The man was in the shop alone. Thaddeus thought himself fortunate; and, after subduing a few qualms, entered the door. The moment he laid his sword and pistols on the counter, and declared his wish, the man, even through the disguise of a large coat and slouched hat, recollected him. This honest money-lender carried sentiments in his breast above his occupation. He did not commiserate all who presented themselves before him, because many exhibited, too evidently, the excesses which brought them to his shop; but there was something in the figure and manner of the count Sobieski, which struck him at first sight; and, by keeping its station in his thoughts, it excited such an interest in his mind, as to produce pleasure when

he discerned the noble foreigner in the person before him.

Mr. Burnet (for so this money-lender was called) asked him what he demanded for the arms.

"I want, perhaps, more than you would give. But I have something else here," laying down the diamonds; "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burnet looked at them, and then at their owner, hesitated, and then spoke.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I hope that I shall not offend you, but these things appear to have a value annexed to them, independent of their price—they are inlaid with crests and cyphers!"

The blood flushed over the cheeks of the count. He had forgotten this circumstance;—unable to answer, he waited to hear what the man would say.

"I repeat, sir, I mean not to offend, but you appear a stranger to these transactions. I only wish to suggest, that, in case you should ever like to repossess those

these things, had you not better pledge them?"

"How?" asked Thaddeus, irresolutely, and not knowing what to think of the man's manner.

At that instant some other people came into the shop; and Mr. Burnet, gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hands, said, "If you do not object, sir, we will settle this business in my back parlour?"

The delicacy of this behaviour, penetrated the mind of Thaddeus; and, without demurring, he followed him into a room. As Mr. Burnet offered his guest a chair, the count took off his hat, and laid it on the table. Burnet contemplated the saddened dignity of his countenance, with renewed interest and respect; and, entreating him to be seated, resumed the conversation.

"I see, sir, you do not understand the meaning of pledging, or pawning, for it is one and the same thing; but I

will explain it in two words. If you leave these things with me, I will give you a paper in acknowledgment, and *lend* on them the guineas you request; which, when you return to me, with a stated interest, you shall have your deposit in exchange?"

Sobieski received this offer with pleasure and thanks. He had entertained no idea of any thing more being meant by the trade of a pawnbroker, than a man who bought what others wished to sell.

"Then, sir," continued Burnet, opening an escrutoire, "I will give you the money, and write the paper I spoke of."

As he put his hand to a drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining passage; and instantly shutting up the desk, he caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and hastily taking the count by the hand, "My dear sir," cried he, "do oblige me, and step into that closet! you will find a chair. A person is coming, whom I will dispatch in a few seconds."

Thaddeus,

Thaddeus, rather surprised at such hurry, did as he was desired; and the door was closed on him just as the parlour-door opened. Being aware, from such concealment, that the visitor came on secret business, he found his situation not a little awkward. Seated behind a curtain window, which the lights in the room made transparent, he could not avoid seeing, as well as hearing, every thing that passed.

"My dear Mr. Burnet," cried an elegant young creature, who ran into the apartment, "positively, without your assistance, I shall be undone."

"Any thing in my power, madam," returned Mr. Burnet, with a distant, respectful voice; "will your ladyship sit down?"

"Yes; give me a chair: I am half dead with distraction. Mr. Burnet, I must have another hundred upon those jewels."

"Indeed, my lady, it is not in my

power; you have already had twelve hundred, and, upon my honour, that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought to have given."

"Pugh, who minds the honour of a pawnbroker!" cried the lady, laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, ma'am," returned he, with a goodnatured smile, "as your ladyship pleases."

"Then I please that you let me have another hundred. Why man, you know you lent Mrs. Hinchinbroke two thousand upon a case of diamonds not a quarter so many as mine."

"But consider, madam, Mrs. Hinchinbroke's were of the best water."

"Po itively, Mr. Burdet," exclaimed her ladyship, purposely miscalling his name, "not better than mine! The king of Sardinia gave them to Sir Charles when he knighted him. I know mine are the best, and I must have another hundred. Upon

Upon my soul, my servants have not had a guinea of board wages these four months, and they tell me they are starving. Come, make haste, Mr. Burnet; you cannot expect me to stay here all night; give me the money."

"Indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"Heavens, what a brute of a man you are! There," cried she, taking a string of pearls from her neck, and throwing it on the table, "lend me some of your trumpery out of your shop, for I am going immediately from hence to take up the Misses Dundas to the play; and so give me the hundred on that, and let me go."

"This is not worth a hundred."

"What a teasing man you are!" cried her ladyship angrily. "Well, let me have the money now, and I will send you the bracelets which belong to the necklace to-morrow."

"Upon those conditions I will give your ladyship another hundred."

"O, do; you are the veriest miser I ever

ever met with. You are worse than Shylock, or,—Good Lord! what is this?" exclaimed she, interrupting herself, and taking up the draft he had laid before her; "and have you the conscience to think, Mr. Pawnbroker, that *I* will offer this at your banker's? that I will expose myself so far? No, no; take it back, and give me gold. Come, dispatch! else I cannot go to the play. Look, there is my purse," added she, shewing it, "make haste and fill it."

After satisfying her demands, Mr. Burnet handed her ladyship out the way she came in, which was by a private passage; and, having seated her in her carriage, made his bow.

Meanwhile, the count Sobieski, rapped in astonishment at the profligacy which the scene he had witnessed implied, remained in concealment until the pawnbroker returned and opened the closet-door.

"Sir," said he, colouring, "you have, unde-

undesignedly on your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, Sir, and your honour---"

"Shall both be sacred," replied the count, anxious to relieve the poor man from his perplexity, and forbearing to express surprise:---But Burnet perceived it in his look; and before he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with him, stepped half way to the escrutoire, and resumed.

"You appear amazed, sir, at what you have seen. And, if I am not mistaken, you are from abroad."

"Indeed I am amazed," replied Sobieski; "and I am from a country, where the slightest suspicion of a transaction, such as this, would brand the woman with infamy."

"And so it ought," answered Burnet: "though, by that assertion, I speak against my own interest; for it is by such as Lady Villiers, that we make our money. Now, Sir," continued he, drawing nearer to the table, "perhaps, after what

what you have just beheld, you will not hesitate to credit what I am going to tell you. I have now in my hands, the jewels of one duchess, of three countesses, and of women of fashion without number. When these ladies have an ill run at play, they apply to me in their exigencies; they bring their diamonds here, and, as their occasions require, on this deposit I lend them money; for which they make me a handsome present, when they are released."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "what a degrading system of deceit must govern the lives of these women!"

"It is very lamentable," returned Burnet, "but so it is. And they continue to manage matters very cleverly. By giving me their note, or word of honour, (for if these ladies are not honourable with me, I have their reputations so much in my power, that I keep them in awe; and, whatever be their characters, I have no fears.

fears on that head;) I allow them to have the jewels out for the birth-days, and receive them again when their exhibition is over. As a compensation for these little indulgences, I expect considerable additions to the present at the end."

Thaddeus could hardly believe such a history of those women, whom travellers mentioned, as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable creatures in the world.

"Surely, Mr. Burnet," cried he, "these women must despise each other, and become contemptible even to our sex!"

"O, no," rejoined the pawnbroker, "they seldom trust each other in these affairs. All my fair customers are not so silly as that pretty little lady who just now left us. She, and another woman of quality, have made each other confidants in this business. And Lord have mercy upon me when they come together! They are as ravenous of my money as if it had no other use but to supply them. As to their

their husbands, brothers, and fathers, they are usually the last people who suspect or hear of these matters: Their applications, when they run out, are made to Jews and professed usurers, a race completely out of our line."

"But are all English women of quality of this disgraceful stamp?"

"No, Heaven forbid!" cried Burnet, "if these female spendthrifts were not held in awe by the dread of superior characters, we could have no dependence on their promises. O, no; there are ladies about the court, whose virtues are as eminent as their rank: women, whose actions, might all be performed in mid-day, before the world; and them, I never see within my doors."

"Well, Mr. Burnet," rejoined Thaddeus, smiling, "I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget, the unexpected view of the so famous British fair, which this night, has offered to my eyes. It is strange!"

"It

"It is very bad indeed, sir," returned the man, giving him the money and the paper he had been preparing; "but if you should have occasion to call again upon me, perhaps you may be astonished still farther."

The count bowed; and, thanking him for his kindness, wished him a good evening, and left the shop.

It was about seven o'clock when Thaddeus arrived at the apothecary's. Mr. Vincent was from home. To say the truth, he had purposely gone out of the way. For though he did not hesitate to commit a shabby action, he wanted courage to face its consequence; and, to avoid the probable remonstrances of Mrs. Robson, he commissioned his assistant to receive the amount of the bill. The count, without making an observation, having paid the man, was returning homeward, along Duke's-street and the Piazzas of Drury-lane Theatre, when the crowd, press-

pressing round the doors, constrained him to stop.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to get through the bustle, without throwing himself into the midst of the splendid groupes, which were passing from their carriages to the doors, he retreated a little behind the mob, at the moment when a chariot drew up, and a gentleman stepping out with two ladies, darted with them into the house. One glance was sufficient for the count, who recognized his friend Pembroke Somerset, in high dress, gay, and laughing. The heart of Thaddeus sprang to him at the sight; and, forgetting his neglect, and his own misfortunes, he ejaculated,

"Somerset!"

Trembling with eagerness and pleasure, he pressed through the crowd, and entered the passage, at the instant the green door shut in upon his friend.

The disappointment was dreadful. To be

be so near Somerset, and to lose him, was more than he could sustain. His bounding heart recoiled; and the chill of despair running through his veins, turned him almost faint. Leaning against the door, he took his hat off to give himself a little air. He scarcely had stood a minute in this situation, revolving whether he should follow his friend into the house, or wait until he came out again, when a gentleman begged him to make way for a party of ladies that were entering. Thaddeus moved on one side; but the opening of the green door casting a strong light, both on his face, and the groupe behind, his eyes and those of the impertinent inquisitor of the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man were conscious that he deserved chastisement for his former insolence, and dreaded to meet it now, cannot be explained; but he turned pale, and shuffled by Thaddeus, as if he were fearful to trust himself within reach of his grasp. For the count, he was too deeply inter-

interested in his own pursuit, to waste one surmise upon him.

He continued to muse on the sudden and unexpected sight of Pembroke Somerset, which had conjured up ten thousand fond and distressing recollections; and, with impatient anxiety, determining to watch till the performance was over, he thought of enquiring his friend's address of the servants; but, on looking round for that purpose, he perceived that the chariot had driven away.

Thus foiled, he returned to his post near the green door; which was opened at intervals, by footmen, passing and repassing. Seeing that the chamber within, was a lobby in which it would be less likely that he should miss his object, than if he stood without, he entered with the next person that approached; and, finding seats along the sides of the place, he sat down on the one nearest to the stairs.

His first idea was to proceed into the play-house. But, on reflection, he considered

sidered the little chance of discovering any particular individual in so vast a building, as not equal to the expence he must incur. Besides, from the dress of the gentlemen who entered the box-door, he was sensible that a great coat and round hat were not admissible.

Having remained above an hour, with his eyes invariably fixed on the stairs, he observed that same curious person, who had passed almost directly after his friend, come down the steps, and walk out of the door. In two minutes he was returning with a smirking countenance, and alert steps, when his eyes accidentally falling on the count, (who sat with his arms folded, and himself almost hidden by the shadow of the wall,) he faultered in his walk; and, stretching out his neck towards him, the gay grin left his features; and exclaiming, in an impatient voice, "Confound him!" he hastened once more into the house.

This rencontre with his Hummums acquaintance,

quaintance, affected Thaddeus as slightly as the former; and without annexing even a thought to his figure, as it flitted by him, he remained watching the passage, until half after eleven. At which hour, the doors being thrown open, the company began to pour forth.

The count's hopes were again on his lips and in his eyes. With the first party who came down the steps, he rose; and planting himself close to the bottom stair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each groupe as it descended. Every set that approached, made his heart palpitate: How often did it rise and fall, during the long succession, which continued moving, for near half an hour!

By twelve, the house was cleared. He saw the middle door locked; and, motionless with disappointment, did not attempt to stir, until the man, who held the keys, told him to go, as he was about to fasten the other doors.

This roused Thaddeus; and as he was prepar-

preparing to obey, he asked the man, if there were any other passage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he, "there is one that leads into Drury-lane."

"Then, by that I have lost him!" was the reply which he made to himself. And returning homewards, he arrived there a few minutes after twelve.

CHAP. III.

THADDEUS awoke in the morning with his heart full of the last night's rencontre. One moment, he regretted that he had not been seen by his friend; and in the next, when he surveyed his altered state, was almost reconciled to the disappointment: then reproaching himself for a pride so unbecoming his principles, and dishonourable to friendship; he asked, if he were in Somerset's place, and Somerset in his, whether he could ever pardon the morose delicacy, which prevented the communication of his friend's misfortunes, and arrival in the same kingdom with himself?

These reflections soon persuaded his judgment to what he was so much inclined, determining him to inquire Pembroke's

broke's address of every one likely to know a man of Sir Robert Somerset's consequence; and then to venture a letter.

In the midst of these meditations the door opened, and Mrs. Robson appeared, drowned in tears.

"My dear, dear sir!" cried she, "my William is going; I have just taken a last look of its sweet face. Will you go down, and say farewell, to the poor child you loved so dearly?"

"No, my good madam;" returned Thaddeus, his straying thoughts at once gathering round this mournful centre, "I will rather retain you here until the melancholy task be entirely accomplished."

With a gentle violence he forced her upon a seat, and, in silence, supported her head on his breast, against which she unconsciously leaned and wept. He listened with a depressed heart to the removal of the coffin; and at the closing of the street-door, which for ever shut the little William from that house, in which

he had been the source of pleasure, a tear trickled down the cheek of Thaddeus; and the sobbings of the poor grandmother were audible.

The count, incapable of speaking, pressed her hand in his.

"O, Mr. Constantine!" cried she, "see how my supports, one after the other, are taken from me! first my son, and now his infant! To what shall I be reduced?"

"You have still, my good Mrs. Robson, a friend in heaven, who will supply the place of all you have lost on earth."

"True, dear sir; I am a wicked creature to speak as I have done: but it is hard to suffer; it is hard to lose all we loved in the world!"

"It is," returned the count, greatly affected by her grief. "But God, who is perfect wisdom, as well as perfect love, chuseth rather to profit us than to please us, in his dispensations. Our sweet William has gained by our loss; he is blest in heaven, while we weakly lament him

on

on earth. Besides, you are not yet deprived of all; you have a grand-daughter."

"Ah! poor little thing! what will become of her when I die? I used to think, what a precious brother my darling boy would prove to his sister, when I should be no more!"

This additional image, which her fancy had conjured up, augmented the affliction of the good old woman. And Thaddeus, looking on her with affectionate compassion, exclaimed,

"Mrs. Robson, the same almighty Being that protected me, the last of my family, will protect the orphan offspring of so excellent a woman as you are."

Mrs. Robson lifted up her head for a moment. She had never before heard him utter a sentence of his own history; and what he now said, added to the tender solemnity of his manner, for an instant arrested her attention.—He went on.

"In me you see a man, who, within the short space of three months, has lost a

grandfather that loved him as fondly as you did your William; a mother, whom he saw expire before him, and whose sacred remains he was forced to leave in the hands of her murderers! Yes, Mrs. Robson, I have neither parents nor a home. *I was a stranger and you took me in;* and Heaven will reward your family in kind. At least I promise, that, whilst I live, whatever be my fate, should you be called hence, I will protect your granddaughter with a brother's care."

"May heaven in its mercy bless you!" cried Mrs. Robson, dropping on her knees. Thaddeus raised her with gushing eyes; and, having replaced her in a seat, left the room for a few minutes to recover himself.

In the evening Mrs. Watts, according to the count's desire, called with an estimate of the expences attending the child's interment. Fees, and every charge collected, the demand on his benevolence was six pounds. The sum proved rather more

more than he expected, but he paid it without a demur, leaving himself only a few shillings.

He considered what he had done as the fulfilment of a duty so indispensable, that it must have been accomplished even by the sacrifice of his uttermost farthing. Gratitude and distress held claims upon him, which he never allowed his necessities in the smallest instance to transgress. All gifts of mere generosity were beyond his power, and consequently, in a short time, beyond his wish; but to the cry of want and wretchedness his hand and heart were ever open. Often has he, in the street, given away to a starving child that pittance, which was to purchase his own hard meal, and never felt such neglect of himself a privation. To have turned his eyes and ears from the little mendicant, would have been the hardest struggle; and the remembrance of such inhumanity would have haunted him on his pillow. This being the disposition of the count

Sobieski, he found it more difficult to bear calamity, when viewing another's poverty whom he could not relieve, than when assailed himself, by penury in all its shapes of desolation.

Towards night, the idea of Somerset again presented itself. When he fell asleep, his dreams repeated the scene at the play-house; again he saw him, and again he eluded his grasp.

His waking thoughts were not less true to their object; and the next morning he went to a coffee house in the lane, where he called for breakfast, and inquired of the master, if he knew any thing of Sir Robert Somerset. The question was no sooner asked, than it was answered to his satisfaction. The Court Guide was examined, and he found this address: '*Sir Robert Somerset, Bart. Grosvenor Square, —Somerset Castle, L—shire,——Deerhurst, C——shire.*'

Gladdened by the discovery, Thaddeus hastened home; and, unwilling to affect

his friend by a sudden appearance, with an overflowing heart he wrote the following letter:

"*To Pembroke Somerset, Esq. Grosvenor Square.*

"Dear Somerset!

"Will the name at the bottom of this paper surprise you? Will it give you pleasure? I cannot suffer myself to retain a doubt, although you have, by the silence of two years, almost convinced me that I am forgotten. In truth, Somerset, I had resolved never to obtrude myself and my misfortunes on your knowledge, until last Wednesday night, when I saw you going into Drury-lane theatre; the sight of you quelled all my resentment, and I called after you, but you did not hear. Pardon me, my dear friend, that I speak of resentment. It is a hard lesson to learn, that of being resigned to the forgetfulness of those whom we love.

"Notwithstanding that I lost my pocket-

book, with your direction, in a skirmish, soon after your departure, I have written to you frequently at a venture; and yet, though you knew in what spot in Poland you left Thaddeus and his family, I have never heard of you since the day of our separation. You must have some good reason for your silence; at least I hope so —and let me beg, that I may either hear from, or see you, directly after you receive this.

"Doubtless, public report has afforded you some information relative to the destruction of my ever-beloved country! I bear its fate on myself. You will find me in a poor lodging at the bottom of St. Martin's lane. You will find me changed in every thing. The first horrors of grief have subsided; and my dearest consolation, rises in the midst of my affliction, out of what was its bitterest cause: I thank Heaven, that my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a consummation of ills, that would have reduced them

them to a misery, which I am content to endure alone.

"Come to me, dear Somerset. To look on you, to press you in my arms, will be a happiness, which even in hope makes my heart throb with pleasure.

"I will remain at home all day to-morrow, in the expectation of seeing you; mean while adieu, my dear Somerset! You will find, at No. 5, St. Martin's Lane, your very affectionate

"THADDEUS CONSTANTINE SOBIESKI.

"*Friday noon.*

"P. S. Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Constantine."

With the most delightful emotions Thaddeus sealed this letter, and gave it to Nanny, with orders to inquire at the post-office when he might expect an answer. The child returned with information, that it would reach Grosvenor Square in an hour, and that he could have a reply by three o'clock.

Three o'clock arrived and no letter. Thaddeus counted the hours until midnight, but they brought him nothing but disappointment. The whole of the succeeding day wore away in the same uncomfortable manner. His heart bounded at every step, which sounded in the passage; and, throwing open his room door, he listened to every person that spoke, but no voice bore any resemblance to that of Somerset.

Night again shut in; and the count, overcome by a train of doubts, in which despondence held the greatest share, threw himself on his bed, though unable to close his eyes.

Whatever be our afflictions, not one human creature, who has endured misfortune, will hesitate to aver, that, of all the tortures incident to mortality, there are none like the rackings of suspence. It is the hell, which Milton describes with such horrible accuracy; in its hot and cold regions, the anxious soul is alternately

nately tossed from the ardours o hope, to the petrifying rigours of doubt and dread. Men who have not been suspended between confidence and fear, in their judgment of a beloved friend's faithfulness, are ignorant of '*the nerve whence agonies are born.*' It is, when sunk in sorrow; when adversity l ads us with divers miseries; and our wretchedness is complete; it is then, we are compelled to acknowledge, ---that though life is brief, there are few friendships which have strength to follow it to the end.

Such were the reflections of the count Sobieski, when he arose in the morning from his sleepless pillow. The idea that the letter might have been delayed, afforded him a faint hope, which he cherished all day, clinging to the expectation of seeing his friend before sunset. But Somerset did not appear; and Thaddeus, obliged to seek an excuse for his absence, in the supposition of his application having miscarried, determined to write once more,

more, and to deliver the letter himself at his friend's door. Accordingly, with emotions different from those with which he had addressed him a few days before, he wrote these lines.

"To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.

"If he, who once called Thaddeus Sobieski his friend, have received a letter which that exile addressed to him on Friday last, this note will meet the same neglect. But if this be the first intelligence that tells Somerset, his friend is in town; perhaps he may overlook that friend's change of fortune; he may visit him in his distress, who will receive him with open arms at his humble abode in St. Martin's Lane.

"Sunday Evening, No. 5, St. Martin's Lane."

Thaddeus, having sealed the letter, walked out in search of Sir Robert Somerset's habitation. After some inquiries, he found Grosvenor Square; and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, was

was directed to the house, by the light of the lamps and the lustres, which shone through the open windows. He hesitated a few minutes on the pavement, and looked up. An old gentleman was standing with a little boy at the nearest window. Whilst the count's eyes were fixed on these two figures, he saw Somerset himself come up to the child, and lead it away towards a groupe of ladies.

Thaddeus immediately flew to the door, with a tremor over his frame, which communicated itself to the knocker, for he knocked with such violence, that the door was opened in an instant by half a dozen footmen at once. He spoke to one.

"Is Mr Pembroke Somerset at home?"

"Yes," replied the man, who thought, by his plain dress, that he could not be an invited guest; "but he is engaged with company."

"I do not want to see him now," rejoined the count: "only give him that letter, for it is of consequence."

"Certainly,

"Certainly, sir," replied the servant; and Thaddeus instantly withdrew.

He now turned homewards, with his mind more than commonly depressed. There was something in the whole affair which pierced him to the soul. He had seen the house that contained the man he most warmly loved, but he had not been admitted within it. He could not forbear recollecting, that when his gates opened, wide as his heart, to welcome Pembroke Somerset, how he had been implored by his then grateful friend, to bring the palatine and the countess to England, where his father would be proud to entertain them as the preservers of his son. How different from these professions did he find the reality! Instead of seeing the doors unclose to receive him, he was allowed to stand like a beggar on the threshold, and he heard them shut against him, whilst the form of Somerset glided above him, even as the shadow of his buried joys.

These

These discomforting retrospections on the past, and painful meditations on the present, continued to occupy his mind, until passing over from Piccadilly to Coventry Street, he perceived a wretched looking man, almost bent double, accosting a party of people in broken French, and imploring their charity.

The voice and the accent being Sclavonian, arrested the ear of Thaddeus. Drawing close to the man, as the party proceeded without taking notice of his application, he hastily asked, "are you a Polander?"

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar, catching hold of his hand, "am I so blessed! have I at last met him?" and, bursting into tears, he leaned upon the arm of the count, who, hardly able to articulate with surprise, exclaimed, "Dear, worthy Butzou! What a time is this for you and I to meet! But come, you must go home with me."

"Willingly, my dear lord," returned he;

he; for I have none. I begged my way from Harwich to this town; and have already spent two dismal nights in the streets."

"O, my country!" cried the full heart of Thaddeus.

"Yes," continued the poor old soldier, "it received its death-wound when Kosciuszko and my honoured master fell."

Thaddeus could not reply; but, supporting the exhausted frame of his friend, who was hardly able to walk, after a few minutes, gladly descried his own door.

The widow opened it the moment he knocked; and, seeing some one with him, was retreating, when Thaddeus, who found from the silence of Butzou, and his increasing feebleness, that he was fainting, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her kitchen. She instantly made way, and the count placed the now insensible old man in the arm-chair by the fire.

"He is my friend, my father's friend!" cried

cried Thaddeus, looking at his pale and haggard face, with a strange wildness in his own features, "for heaven's sake give me something to restore him!"

Mrs. Robson, in dismay, and literally having nothing better in the house, gave him a glass of water.

"That will not do;" exclaimed he, still upholding the motionless body on his arm, "have you no wine? nothing? He is dying for want."

"None, sir; I have none;" answered she, frightened at the violence of his manner; "run, Nanny, and borrow some of Mrs. Watts."

"Do," said Thaddeus; "and bring me a bottle from the nearest inn." As he spoke, he threw her the only half-guinea he possessed, and added, "fly, for he may die in a moment."

The child flew like lightning, to the Golden-cross; and brought in the wine, just as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus, with a languid agony,

agony, that penetrated his soul. Mrs. Robson held the water to his lips. He swallowed a little, and scarcely articulated, whilst his head dropped back on the chair, "I am perishing for want of food."

Thaddeus caught the bottle from Nanny, and, pouring some wine into a glass, made him drink nearly all. This draught a little revived him. He raised himself in his seat; and, though still panting and speechless, leaned his swimming head upon the bosom of his friend, who knelt by his side, whilst Mrs. Robson was preparing some toasted bread and mulled wine.

After much exertion between the good landlady and the count, they sufficiently recovered the poor invalid, to enable him to walk up stairs, and lay down on the bed. The drowsiness usually attendant on debility, aided by the fumes of the wine, threw him into an immediate and deep sleep.

Thaddeus

Thaddeus seeing him at rest, thought it proper to rejoin Mrs. Robson; and by a partial history of his friend, acquaint her with the occasion of the foregoing scene. He found the good woman surprised and concerned, but no way displeased; and, in a few words, he gave her a summary explanation of the precipitancy with which, without her permission, he had introduced a stranger under her roof.

The substance of what he said, related, that the person up stairs, having served with him in the army,—on the ruin of his country, (which he could no longer conceal was Poland,) he hastened in quest of him to England; and, in his journey, he sustained misfortunes, which had reduced him to the state she saw.

"I met him," continued he, "as a beggar in the street; and, whilst he lives, I shall hold it my duty to protect him. I love him for his own sake, and I honour him for my grandfather's. Besides, Mrs. Robson," cried he, with additional energy,

"before

"before I left my country, I made a vow to my sovereign, that wherever I should meet this brave old man, I would serve him to the last hour of his life. Therefore we must part no more. Will you give him shelter?" added he, in a subdued voice, "Will you allow me to retain him in my apartments?"

"Willingly, sir; but how can I accommodate him? he is already in your bed, and I have not one to spare."

"Leave that to me, best, kindest of women!" exclaimed the count; "your permission has rendered me happy."

He then wished her a good night; and returning up stairs, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and passed the night by the little fire of the sitting room.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

OWING to comfortable refreshment, and a night of undisturbed sleep, General Butzou awoke in the morning much recovered from the weakness, which subdued him the preceding day.

Thaddeus observed this change with pleasure. Whilst he sat by his bed, ministering to him with the care of a son, he dwelt with a melancholy delight on his reverend features; and listened to his languid voice, with those tender associations of the heart, which are delicious, though they pierce it with anguish.

"Tell me, my dear general," said he, "for I can bear to hear it now; tell me what has befallen my unhappy country since I quitted it."

"Every calamity," cried the brave old man,

man, shaking his head, "that tyranny could devise."

"Well, go on;" returned the count, with a smile, which too truly declared that the composure of his air was assumed; "we, who have beheld her sufferings and yet live, need not fear hearing them described! Did you see the king before he left Warsaw? He told me, that he was to be banished to Grodno some time in the last month."

"No," replied Butzou, "our oppressors took care of that. Whilst you, my lord, were recovering of your wounds in the citadel, I set off for Sachoryn to join prince Poniatowski. In my way thither I met some soldiers, who informed me, that his highness, having been compelled to discharge the troops, was returning to support his brother under the indignities, which the haughtiness of Suwarrow might premeditate. I then directed my steps towards Sendomir, where I hoped to find Wawrzecki with a few faithful

faithful followers; but here too I was disappointed. Two days before my arrival, that general had, according to orders, disbanded the whole party. I now found that Poland was completely in the hands of her ravagers, and I prepared to return. I was shocked and agonized at every step I re-trod. I beheld the shores of the Vistula lined on every side with Russian troops. Ten thousand were posted on her banks, and eighteen thousand amongst the ruins of Prague and Villanow.

"When I approached the walls of Warsaw, imagine, my dear count, how great was my indignation! How barbarous, how unmanly, the conduct of our enemies! Batteries of cannon were erected around the city, which, on the least symptom of discontent, were commanded to level it with the ground.

"On the morning of my arrival, I was hastening to the palace, to pay my duty to the king, when a Russian officer intercepted me, and threatened, that if I at-

tempted to pass, my obstinacy should be fatal to me, and hazardous to his Majesty; whose confinement, and sufferings were augmented in proportion to the adherents he retained amongst the Poles. Hearing this, I was turning away, overwhelmed with grief and anger, just as the doors of the audience-chamber opened, and the counts Potocki, Kilinski, and several others of your grandfather's dearest friends, were led out under a strong guard. I was standing motionless with surprise, when Potocki, perceiving me, held forth his hand. I took it, and, wringing it, in the bitterness of my heart uttered some words, which I cannot remember, but the Russian bade me beware how I again gave way to such injurious warmth.

"Farewell, my worthy general," said the count, "you see we are arrested. We loved Poland too faithfully for her enemies; and for that reason we are to be sent prisoners to Petersburgh. Sharing the fate of

of Kosciuszko, our chains are our distinction; such a collar of merit, is the most glorious order which the imperial Catharine can bestow:—The knights of St. Stanislaus would reject all other from her hands."—"Sir, I cannot admit of this conversation," cried the officer of the guard; and commanding the escort to proceed,—I lost sight of these illustrious patriots, probably for ever.

"I understood from the few Poles who remained in the citadel, that the good Stanislaus was to be sent on the same dismal journey to Grodno the next day. They also told me, that you had quitted Poland the moment your wounds would allow you to move, that you might avoid the sight of Suwarrow's triumphant entry, which happened on the 9th of November last. On the eighth, I believe, you left Warsaw for England."

"Yes," replied the count, who listened with a breaking heart to this distressing

narrative; "and doubtless, I saved myself much misery?"

"You did. One of the magistrates described to me the whole scene, at which I would not have been present for worlds. He told me, that when the morning arrived, in which the Russian was to make his public entrée, not a citizen would be seen, that was not brought out by compulsion. A dead silence reigned in the streets; the doors and windows of every house remained so closed, that a stranger might have supposed it to be a general mourning; and it was the bitterest, which could have fallen upon our souls! At this moment, when Warsaw, I may say, lay dying at the feet of her conqueror, the Russian troops marched into the city, and lined the roads, the only spectators of their own horrible tragedy. At length, with eyes which could no longer weep, the magistrates, reluctant, and full of indignation, proceeded to meet Suwarrow, on the bridge of Prague. When they came

came near the procession, they presented the keys of Warsaw on their knees——."

"On their knees!" interrupted Thaddeus, starting up, and the blood flushing over his face.

"Yes," answered Butzou, "on their knees."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed the count, walking about the room with emotion, "why did not the earth open and swallow them? Why did not the blood, which saturated the spot on which they knelt, cry out to them? O Butzou, this humiliation of Poland is worse to me than all her miseries!"

"I felt as you feel, my lord;" continued the general, "and I expressed myself with the same resentment; but the magistrate, who related to me the circumstance, urged, in excuse for himself and his brethren, that such a form was necessary; and had they refused, probably their lives would have been forfeited.

"Well," inquired Thaddeus, resuming

his seat, "but where was the king during this transaction?"

"In the castle, where he soon underwent a similar scene; and received orders, to be present next day at a public thanksgiving; at which the inhabitants of Warsaw were also forced to attend, to perform a *te Deum* in gratitude for the destruction of their country. I thank Heaven that I was spared from witnessing this monstrous blasphemy; I was then at Sendomir. The day after I heard these horrid accounts, I saw the carriage, which contained the good Stanislaus, guarded, like a traitor's, out of the gates; and that very hour I left the city. I travelled towards Hamburgh, where I took my passage to Harwich. Owing to excessive fatigue, one of my old wounds broke out afresh; and, continuing ill a week, I expended all my money. Reduced to my last shilling, and eager to find you, I begged my way from that town to this. I had already spent two miserable days and nights in the

the open air, with no other sustenance than the casual charity of passengers, when heaven sent you to save me from perishing in the streets."

Butzou pressed the hand of his young friend, as he concluded. Displeasure still kept its station on the count's features.

The good general observed it with satisfaction, well pleased that indignation at the supposed pusillanimity of his countrymen, prevented those bursts of grief, which he had expected from his sensible nature, when he should be informed that the ruin of Poland was confirmed.

Towards evening, general Butzou fell asleep. Thaddeus, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes on the fire, and mused with amazement and sorrow, on what had passed. When it was almost dark, and he was yet lost in reflection, Mrs. Robson gently opened the door, and presenting a letter; "Here sir," said she, "is a letter, which a servant has just left; he told me it required no answer."

Thaddeus sprung from his seat at the sight of the paper, and, almost catching it from her, his former gloomy cogitations dispersed before the hopes and fond emotions of friendship, which now lit up in his bosom. Mrs. Robson withdrew. He looked at the superscription, it was the hand-writing of his friend. Tearing it asunder, two folded papers presented themselves; he opened them, and they were his own letters, returned without a word. His beating heart was suddenly checked. Letting the papers fall from his hand, he dropped on a seat, and closed his eyes, as if he would shut them from the world and its ingratitude.

Unable to recover from astonishment, his thoughts whirled about in a succession of accusations, surmises, and doubts, which seemed for a few minutes to drive him to distraction.

"Was it really the hand of Somerset?"

Again he examined the *envelope*. It was; and the enclosures were his own letters,

letters, without one word of apology for such ingratitude.

"Could he make one? No," replied Thaddeus to himself. "Unhappy that I am, to have been induced to apply twice to so despicable a man! Oh, Somerset," cried he, looking at the papers as they lay before him, "was it necessary that insult should be added to unfaithfulness and ingratitude, to throw me off entirely? Good heaven! did he think, because I wrote twice, I would persecute him with applications? Well, I have been told this of mankind; but, that I should find it in him!"

In this way, agitated and muttering, and walking up and down the room, he spent another wakeful and cheerless night.

Next morning, when the count went down stairs to beg Mrs. Robson to attend his friend until his return, she mentioned what uneasiness he occasioned her the preceding night, as she heard him most of the time moving above her head. He

was accounting to her for his restlessness, by complaining of a head-ache, when she interrupted him by saying, "O no, sir; I am sure it is the hard boards you lie on, to accommodate the poor old gentleman. I am certain you will make yourself ill."

Thaddeus thanked her for her solicitude, but, declaring that all beds, hard or soft, were alike to him, he left her; and, with his drawings in his pocket, once more took the path to Great Newport Street.

Indignation against his fickle friend, and anxiety for the tranquillity of general Butzou, whose age, infirmities, and sufferings, threatened a speedy termination of his life, determined the count, to sacrifice all false delicacy and weakness, and to hazard another attempt, at acquiring the means of affording those comforts to the sick veteran, which his condition demanded. Happen how it would, he resolved that Butzou should never know the complete wreck of his property. He shud-

shuddered at loading him with the additional distress, of thinking that he was a burthen on his protector.

Thaddeus passed the door of the print-seller who behaved so ill to him on his first application; and walking to the farthest shop on the same side, entered it, and, laying his drawings on the counter, requested the master to look at them. The man opened the packet; and the count, dreading a second repulse, or even more than similar insolence, hastily added:

"They are scenes in Germany. If you like to have them, their price is a guinea."

"Are you the painter, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir. Do they please you?"

"Yes;" answered the man, examining them nearer, "there is a breadth and freedom in the style which is novel, and may take. I will give you your demand."

Thaddeus rejoiced that he had succeeded where he entertained no hope,

with a bow was leaving the shop, when the man called after him, "Sir! sir!"

Thaddeus returned, prepared to hear some impertinent remark.

It is strange, but it is true; that those who have been thrust by misfortune to a state beneath their birth and expectations, consider themselves the objects of universal hostility. They see contempt in every eye, they suppose insult in every word; the slightest neglect is sufficient to set the sensitive pride of the unfortunate in a blaze: and, alas! how little is this sensibility respected by the rich and gay in their dealings with the unhappy! To what an addition of misery are the wretched exposed; meeting not only those contumelies, which the prosperous are not backward to bestow, but those fancied ills, which, however unfounded, keep the mind in a constant fever with itself, and warfare with the surrounding world!

Repeated

Repeated insults, infused into the count Sobieski, much of this anticipating irritability; and it was with a very haughty step, that he turned back, to hear what the printseller meant to say.

"I only want to ask, whether you follow this art as a profession?"

"Yes."

"Then, I shall be glad if you can furnish me with six such drawings every week."

"Certainly," replied Thaddeus, pleased with the probability of securing something towards the support of his friend.

"Then bring me another half dozen next Monday."

Thaddeus promised, and with a relieved mind took his way homewards.

Who is there in England that does not remember the dreadful winter of 1794, when the whole country lay buried in a thick ice, which seemed eternal? Over that ice, and through those snows, the venerable general Butzou begged his way from

from Harwich to London. He rested at night under the shelter of some shed or out-house; and cooled his feverish thirst with a little water, taken from under the broken ice which locked up the springs. The effect of this was a painful rheumatism, which fixed itself in his limbs, and now rendered them nearly useless.

Two or three weeks passed over the heads of the general and his young protector: Thaddeus cheering the old man with his smiles; and he, in return, imparting the only pleasure to him, which his melancholy heart could receive; the conviction that his attentions and affection were productive of comfort.

In the exercise of these duties, the count not only found his health gradually recover its tone, but his mind become more tranquil, and less prone to those sudden floods of regret, which were rapidly sapping his life. By a strict economy on his own part, he managed to pay the widow and support his friend out of the weekly

weekly profits of his drawings, which were now and then augmented, by a commission to do one or two more than the stipulated number.

Thus, conversing with Butzou, reading to him when awake, or pursuing his drawing when he slept, Thaddeus spent the time until the beginning of March.

One fine star-light evening in that month, just before the frost broke up, after painting all day, he put on his hat, and, desiring little Nanny to take care of the general, he left his work at the print-seller's and then proceeded through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde Park corner, and return.

Much pleased with the beauty of the night, he walked on, not remarking that he had passed the turnpike, until he heard a scream. The sound seemed to come from near the Park-wall. He hurried along, and, at a short distance, perceived a woman struggling with a man, who was swear-

swearing, and behaving in a very brutal manner.

Without a moment's hesitation, Thaddeus, with one blow of his arm, sent the fellow reeling against the wall. But, whilst he supported the outraged person, who was fainting, the man recovered himself, and, flying at her champion, aimed a stroke at his head with an immense bludgeon, which the count catching hold of, as it descended, wrenched out of his hand. The horrid oaths of the ruffian, and the hysterical shrieks of the woman, collected a mob, when the villain, fearing worse usage, made off, and left Thaddeus to restore the terrified woman at his leisure.

As soon as she was able to speak, she thanked her deliverer, in a voice and language, which assured him that it was no common person whom he had befriended. Though, in the circumstance of her distress, all would have been the same to him;

him; a helpless female was insulted, and, whatever her rank might be, he thought she had an equal claim on his protection.

The mob dispersed; and the count, finding the lady capable of walking, begged permission to see her safe home.

"I thank you, sir," replied she; "and I accept your offer with gratitude. Besides, after your generous interference, it is requisite I should account to you how a woman of my appearance, came out at this hour without attendance. I have no other excuse to advance for such imprudence, than the declaration, that I have often done so with impunity. I have a friend, whose husband being in the guards, lives near the barracks. We often drink tea with each other; sometimes my servants come for me; and sometimes, when I am wearied and indisposed, I come away earlier, and alone. This happened to-night: and I have to thank your gallantry, sir, for my rescue from the first outrage

outrage of the kind which ever assailed me."

By the time that a few more complimentary words on her side, and a modest reply from Thaddeus, had passed, they stopped before a house in Grosvenor Place. The lady knocked at the door; and, as soon as it was opened, the count was taking his leave, but she laid her hand on his arm, and exclaimed,

"No, sir; I must not lose the probability of convincing you, that you have not succoured a person unworthy of your kindness. I entreat you to walk in!"

Thaddeus was too much pleased with her manner not to accept this invitation. He followed her up stairs into a drawing-room, where a young lady was seated at work.

"Miss Egerton," cried the lady, as she entered and introduced the count, "here is a gentleman, who has this moment saved me from the hands of a ruffian.

fian. You must assist me to express my gratitude."

"I would with all my heart," returned she; "but your ladyship confers benefits so well, you cannot be at a loss how to receive them."

Thaddeus took the chair which a servant set for him, and, with mingled pleasure and admiration, turned his eyes on the lovely woman whom he had rescued. She threw off her cloak and veil, and displayed a figure, and countenance, so full of dignity and interest, that he formed an immediate desire to secure her acquaintance.

Her ladyship begged him to lay aside his great-coat, as she must insist upon his supping with her. There was a commanding softness in her manner, and a gentle, yet unappealable decision in her voice, which he could not withstand; and he prepared to obey, although he was aware, that the fashion and richness of the military dress concealed under his coat, would

would give her ideas, which his situation could not answer.

The lady did not notice his hesitation, but, ringing the bell, desired the servant to take the gentleman's hat and coat. Thaddeus instantly saw in the looks of both the ladies what he feared.

"I perceive," said the elder, as she took her seat, "that my deliverer is in the army; yet I do not recollect having seen that uniform before."

"I am not an Englishman," returned he.

"Not an Englishman!" exclaimed Miss Egerton, "and speak the language so accurately! You cannot be French?"

"No, madam; I had the honour of serving under the king of Poland."

"Then, his was a very gallant court I suppose," rejoined Miss Egerton, with a smile; "for I am sorry to say, that there are few about St. James's, who would have ventured to have done what you did by lady Tinemouth."

The

The count returned the young lady's smile.

"I have seen too little, madam, of Englishmen of rank, to shew any gallantry in defending this part of my sex against so fair an accuser." Indeed he recollected the officers in the park, and the perfidy of Somerset, and thought, that he had no reason to give them more of his respect, than their countrywoman considered fit to bestow.

"Come, come, Maria," cried lady Tinemouth; "though no woman has less cause to speak well of mankind than I have, I will not permit my countrymen to be run down *in toto*. I dare say this gentleman will agree with me, that it shews neither a candid nor a patriot spirit."

"I dare say he will not agree with you, lady Tinemouth. No gentleman yet, who had his wits about him, ever agreed with an elder lady against a younger. Now, Mr. Gentleman! for it seems that is

is the name by which we are to address you, what do you say?"

Thaddeus almost laughed at the singular way she had chosen to ask his name; and, allowing some of the gloom, which generally obscured his fine eyes, to disperse, he answered her with a smile,

"My name is Constantine."

"Well, you have replied to my last question first; but I will not let you off about my bearish countrymen. Don't you think, Mr. Constantine, that I may call them so, without any breach of good manners to them, or duty to my country? For you see her ladyship hangs much upon patriotism."

Lady Tinemouth shook her head.

"O Maria, Maria, you are a strange mad-cap."

"I don't care for that; I will have Mr. Constantine's unprejudiced reply. I am sure, if he had taken as long a time in answering your call, as he does mine, the ruffian might have killed and eaten you too,

too, before he moved to your assistance. Come, sir, may I not say that they are bears?"

"Certainly. A pretty woman may say any thing."

"Positively, Mr. Constantine, I won't endure contempt! Say such another word, and I will call you as abominable an animal as the worst of them."

"But I am not a proper judge, Miss Egerton. I have never been in company with any of these men; so, to be impartial, I must suspend my opinion."

"And not believe my word?"

Thaddeus bowed.

"There, lady Tinemouth," cried she, affecting pet, "take your champion to yourself; he is too great a savage for me."

"Thank you, Maria," returned her ladyship, giving her hand to the count to lead her to the supper-room; "This is the way she quarrels with every man that comes into my house, and then her ill humour

humour transforms them to its own likeness."

"And where is the man," observed Thaddeus, "who would not be happy under the spells of so beautiful a Circe?"

"It won't do, Mr. Constantine," cried she, taking her place opposite to him; "my anger is not to be appeased by calling me names; you don't mend the matter much, by likening me to a heathen and a witch."

Lady Tinemouth bore her part in the conversation of the evening in a strain more in unison with the count's mind. However, he found no inconsiderable degree of amusement from the unreflecting volubility, and giddy sallies of her friend; and, on the whole, spent the few hours he passed there, with some perceptions of his almost forgotten sense of pleasure.

He was in an elegant apartment, he was in the company of two lovely and accomplished women, and he was the object of their entire attention and gratitude.

He

He had been used to such scenes in his days of happiness, when he was '*the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, the observed of all observers;*' and their re-appearance, awakened, with tender remembrances, an associating sensibility, which made him rise with regret when the clock struck one.

Lady Tinemouth bade him good night, with an earnest request that he would shortly repeat his visit. This invitation gratified him much; and they parted, mutually delighted with each other.

CHAP. V.

PLEASED as the count was, with the acquaintance to which his gallantry had introduced him, he did not repeat his call for a long time.

A few mornings after his meeting with Lady Tinemouth, the hard frost broke up. The change in the atmosphere so dreadfully affected the general, by producing a relapse of his rheumatic fever, that his friend watched by his pillow night and day for ten days. At the end of this period, he recovered sufficiently to sit up and read; or to amuse himself, by registering the melancholy events of the last campaigns, in a large book, with plans of the different battles. The sight of this volume would have distressed Thaddeus, had he not seen that it afforded comfort

to

to the poor veteran, whom it transported back into the midst of scenes on which he delighted to dwell; yet, he would often lay down his pen, shut the book, and weep like an infant.

The count left him one morning at this employment, and strolled out with the intention of calling on Lady Tinemouth. As he walked along by Portland-house, he perceived Pembroke Somerset with a gentleman leaning on his arm, coming out of Bond-street.

All the blood in the count's body seemed rushing to his heart. He trembled. The ingenuous smile on his friend's countenance, and his features so sweetly marked with frankness, made his resolution falter.

"But proofs," cried he to himself, "are absolute!" and turning his face to a stand of books which was near him, he stood there until Somerset had passed. He went by him speaking these words:

"I trust, father, that ingratitude is not his vice."

"But it is yours, Somerset!" murmured Thaddeus, as for a moment he gazed after them, and then proceeded on his walk.

When his name was announced at Lady Tinemouth's, he found her ladyship and another lady, but not Miss Egerton. Lady Tinemouth expressed her pleasure at this visit, and her surprise that it had been so long deferred.

"The pain of such an apparent neglect of your ladyship's goodness," replied he, "has been added to my anxiety for the declining health of a friend, whose increased illness is my apology."

"I wish," returned her ladyship, her eyes beaming approbation, "that all my friends could excuse their absence so well!"

"Perhaps they might if they chose;" observed the other lady, "and with equal sincerity." Thaddeus

Thaddeus understood the incredulity couched under these words. So did Lady Tinemouth.

"However," rejoined she, "be satisfied, Mr. Constantine, that I believe you sincere."

The count bowed.

"Fie, Lady Tinemouth!" cried the lady, "you are partial; nay, you are absurd; did you ever yet hear a man speak truth to a woman?"

"Lady Sara!" replied her ladyship, with one of those arch glances which seldom visited her eyes, "where will be your vanity if I assent to this?"

"In the moon, with man's sincerity."

Thaddeus paid little attention to this dialogue. His thoughts, in spite of himself, were wandering after the figures of Somerset and his father.

Lady Tinemouth, whose fancy had not been quiet about him, since the hour in which chance introduced him to her acquaintance, observed his present absence

without noticing it. Indeed, the fruitful imagination of Maria Egerton had not lain still. She declared, "that he was a soldier by his dress! a man of rank, from his manners; an Apollo in his person; and a hero from his gallantry!"

Thus did Miss Egerton describe him to Lady Sara Roos; "and," added she, "what convinces me, that he is a man of fashion, he has not been within these walls, since we told him, that we should take it as a favour."

Lady Sara was eager to see this handsome stranger. Having previously determined to drop in at Lady Tinemouth's, under some excuse or other, every morning, until her curiosity was gratified, she was not a little pleased when she heard his name announced.

Lady Sara was married; but she was young and beautiful also, and she liked that her power should be acknowledged by others besides her husband. The instant she beheld the count Sobieski, she formed

formed the wish to entangle him in her chains. She learnt, by his pale countenance and thoughtful air, that he was a melancholy character, and, above all things, she sighed for such a lover. She expected to receive from one of his cast, a tenderness, a devotedness; in short, a fervent, wild, and romantic passion, which would feed on her sighs, and its own fires, to eternity. Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very creature of whom she had been in search. His abstraction, his voice and eyes, the one so touching, the other so neglectful of any thing but the ground, were irresistible, and she resolved from that moment (in her own words) "to make a dead set at him."

Lady Tinemouth, not less pleased with this second view of her new acquaintance, than she had been at the first, directed her discourse to him, accompanied by all that winning interest so endearing to a liberal heart. Whilst she was speaking, Lady Sara, who never augured well to the suc-

cess of her fascinations, when the countess addressed herself to any of her victims, tried every means in her power to draw aside the attention of the count. She played with her ladyship's dog; but, that not succeeding, she determined to strike him at once with the elegance of her figure. Complaining of heat, she threw off a large green velvet mantle, which she wore, and, rising from her chair, walked towards the window.

When she looked round to enjoy her victory, she saw that this manœuvre had failed like the rest; for the provoking countess was still standing between her and Thaddeus. Almost angry, she flung open the sash, and, putting her head out of the window, exclaimed in her best modulated tones,

"How d'ye do?"

"I hope your ladyship is well this fine morning!" was answered in the voice of Pembroke Somerset.

Thaddeus grew pale, and the countess feeling

feeling the cold, turned round to ask Lady Sara to whom she was speaking.

"To a pest of mine, my dear," returned she; and, then stretching out her neck, she resumed, "But where, in the name of Heaven, are you going, Somerset, with all that travelling apparatus?"

"To Deerhurst; we are going to take Lord Arun down. But I keep your ladyship in the cold. Good morning."

"My compliments to Sir Robert. Good bye! good bye!" and, waving her white hand, until his curricle was out of sight; when she turned round, her desires were gratified, for the elegant stranger was standing with his eyes fixed on that hand. But, had she known, that, for any cognizance they took of its beauty, they might as well have been fixed on vacancy, she would not have pulled down the window, and reseated herself with such an air of triumph.

The count took his seat with a sigh, and Lady Tinemouth did the same.

"So, that is the son of Sir Robert Somerset?"

"Yes," replied her ladyship, "and what do you think of him? He is called very handsome."

"Your ladyship has forgotten that I am near-sighted," answered the countess; "I could not discriminate his features, but I think his figure fine. I remember his father was a handsome man, and a man of wonderful talents."

"That may be," resumed Lady Sara, laughing, and anxious to excite some emotion of rivalry in the breast of Thaddeus. "I am sure I ought not to call in question his talents and taste, for he has often wished that fate had reserved me for his son." Her ladyship sighed, and looked down.

This sigh and gesture had more effect upon her victim than all her exhibited graces.

graces. So difficult it is to break affection and habit. Any thing relating to Pembroke Somerset, could yet so powerfully interest the count, as to stamp itself on his features. Besides, the appearance of any latent disquietude, where all seemed splendour and vivacity, painfully reminded him of the chequered lot of man. His eyes were resting upon her ladyship, full of a tender commiseration, pregnant with compassion for her, himself, and all the world, when she raised her head. The meeting of such a look from him, filled her with agitation. She felt something strange at her heart. His eyes seemed to have penetrated to its inmost devices. Blushing like scarlet, she got up to hide an embarrassment not to be subdued; and, hastily wishing the countess a good morning, curtsied to him, and left the room.

Her ladyship entered the carriage with feelings all in commotion. She could not account for the confusion which his look

had occasioned; and, half angry at a weakness so like a raw inexperienced girl, she determined to become one of Lady Tinemouth's constant visitors, until she should have brought him (as she had done most of the men about court) to her feet.

These were her ladyship's resolutions as she rolled along towards St. James's Place. But she a little exceeded the fact in her statement; for, notwithstanding that she could have counted as many lovers as most women, both before and after her marriage, yet few of them would have ventured so far as to trust the consequence of a kneeling petition. In spite of her charms, these worthy lords and gentlemen had all to a man, adopted the oracle of the poet, that,

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
"Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies!"

They all professed to adore Lady Sara; and some were caught by her beauty, others by her eclat, but neither of them had

had the most distant wish to make this beauty and eclat his own legal property.

The young marquis of Severn fluttered round her ladyship, during the first year of his appearance at court; but at the end of that time, instead of offering her his hand, he married the daughter of a rich city banker.

Lady Sara, who was at her father's house in the country when this intelligence arrived, was so incensed, that, to shew her disdain of this apostate lover, she set off the same evening for Scotland, with Harry Roos, a grandson of the duke of Lincoln. They were married, and her ladyship had the triumph of being presented to her majesty the same day with the marchioness of Severn.

When the whirlwind of her resentment subsided, she began most dismally to repent her union. She loved Captain Roos as little as she had loved Lord Severn. She had admired the rank and gallantry of the one; and the profound adoration

of

of the other made a friend of her vanity. But now, since her revenge was gratified, and the homage of Harry Roos, ceasing to excite the envy of her companions, from the hour in which he became her husband, she grew weary of his attentions; and was very happy, when the admiralty ordered him to take the command of a ship bound to the Mediterranean.

The last fervent kiss, which he imprinted on her lips, as they breathed out the cold "Good bye, Roos, take care of yourself!" seemed to her the seal of freedom; and she returned into her dressing-room, not to weep, but to rejoice in the project of a thousand festivities and a thousand lovers.

Left at an early age without a mother, and ignorant of the duties of a wife, she thought, that if she kept her husband and herself out of Doctors Commons, she should do no harm by amusing herself with the heart of every man who came in her way. Thus, she hardly moved without

out a train of admirers. She had already attracted every one worthy of the trouble; and had listened to their compliments and insolent presumptions, until she was almost tired of both; when Miss Egerton related to her the countess's rencontre with the gallant foreigner.

As soon as her ladyship heard that he was of rank, (for Miss Egerton was not backward to affirm the dreams of her own imagination,) she formed an earnest wish to see him: and when, to her infinite satisfaction, he did present himself, in her eyes he exceeded every thing that had been described. To secure such a conquest, she thought would not only raise the envy of the women, but make the men look about them, to discover some novel and more attractive way than they had hitherto found, to prove the truth of their devotion.

Whilst Lady Sara was meditating on her new plans, the count and Lady Tinemouth

mouth remained alone. Her ladyship talked to him on various subjects; but he answered ill upon them all, and sometimes very wide of the matter. At last, conscious that he must be burthensome, he arose, and, looking paler and more depressed than when he entered, wished her a good morning.

"I am afraid, Mr. Constantine, you are unwell."

Thaddeus, like most people who desire to hide what is passing in their minds, gladly assented to this as an excuse for a taciturnity which he could not overcome.

"Then," cried her ladyship, "I hope you will favour me with your card, that I may know where to send to inquire after your health."

Thaddeus was confounded, and looked down for a moment; then, returning into the room, he took up a pen, which lay on the table and said,

"I will write my address to a place, where

where any of your ladyship's commands may reach me; but I will do myself the honour to repeat my call very soon."

"I shall always be happy to see you," replied the countess, while he was writing; "but, before I engage you in a promise, of which you may afterwards repent, I must tell you, that you will meet with dull entertainment at my house. I see very little company; and were it not for the inexhaustible spirits of Miss Egerton, I believe I should become a complete misanthrope."

"Your house will be my paradise!" exclaimed the count, with an earnestness, to the force of which he did not immediately attend.

Lady Tinemouth smiled.

"I must warn you here, too," cried she; "Miss Egerton must not be the deity of your paradise. She is already under engagements, which preclude all hope on that head."

Thad-

Thaddeus blushed at being mistaken, and wished to explain himself.

"You misunderstand me, madam. I am not insensible to beauty; but, upon my word, at that moment, I had nothing else in my thoughts, than gratitude for your ladyship's kindness to an absolute stranger."

"That is true, Mr. Constantine, you are an absolute stranger, if the want of a formal introduction, and an ignorance of your family, constitute that title. But your protection introduced you to me; and there is something in your appearance, which convinces me, that I need not be afraid of admitting you into the very scanty number of my friends."

Thaddeus perceived the delicacy of Lady Tinemouth, who wished to know who he was, and yet was unwilling to give him pain by a question so direct, that he must answer it. As she now proposed it, she left him entirely to his own discretion; and he determined, as far as he could,

could, without exposing his real name and circumstances, to satisfy her very proper curiosity.

The countess, whose benevolent heart was deeply interested in his favour, observed the changes of his countenance with an anxious desire that he would be ingenuous. Her solicitude did not arise from any doubts of his quality and worth, but she wished to be enabled to reply with promptness to the inquisitive people who might see him at her house.

"I hardly know," said Thaddeus, "in what words to express my sense of your ladyship's generous confidence in me; and that my character is not undeserving of such distinction, time, I trust, will prove." He paused for a moment, and then resumed: "For my rank, Lady Tinemouth, it is now of little consequence to my comfort; rather, perhaps, a source of mortification; for ——," he hesitated, and then proceeded, with a faint colour tinging his cheek, "exiles from their country,

country, if they would not covet misery, must learn to forget; hence I am no other than Mr. Constantine; though, in acknowledgment of your ladyship's goodness, I deem it only just that I should not conceal my real quality from you.

"My family was one of the first in Poland. Even in banishment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords some alleviation to the conviction, that, when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred were involved in the ruin. Soon after the dreadful sealing of its fate, I quitted it; and, by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, sought a refuge in this island, from degradations, which, otherwise, I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus stopped; and the countess, struck by the graceful modesty with which this simple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Constantine, I am not surprised at

at what you have said. The melancholy of your air, induced me to suspect that you were not happy; and my sole wish, in penetrating your reserve, was to shew you, that a woman can be a sincere friend."

Tears of gratitude and respect glistened in the count's eyes. Incapable of making a suitable reply, he pressed her hand to his lips. She rose; and, willing to relieve a sensibility that delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer; only let me see you soon."

Thaddeus uttered a few inarticulate words, whose significancy conveyed nothing, but every thing was declared by their confusion The countess's eloquent smile shewed, that she comprehended their meaning; and he left the room.

On his return home, he found general Butzou in better spirits, still poring over his journal. This paper seemed to be the representative of all which had ever been dear to him. He dwelt upon it, and talked

talked about it, with a doating eagerness bordering on insanity.

These symptoms, increasing from day to day, gave his young friend considerable uneasiness. He listened with pain to the fond dreams which took possession of the poor old man; who delighted in saying, that much might yet be done in Poland, when he should be recovered, and they be enabled to return together to Warsaw, and stimulate the people to resume their rights.

Thaddeus at first attempted to prove the emptiness of these schemes; but, seeing that contradiction on this head, threw the general back into deeper despondency, he thought it better to affect the same sentiments; too well perceiving, that death would soon terminate these visions, with his life.

Accordingly, as far as lay in the count's power, he satisfied all the fancied wants of his revered friend; who, on every other subject, was perfectly reasonable; but at last he became so absorbed in this chimerical

rical plot, that even conversation, and his meals, seemed to oppress him with restraint.

When Thaddeus, with sorrow, perceived that his company was rather irksome than a comfort to his friend, he the more readily repeated his visits to Lady Tinemouth. She now looked for his entrance at least once a day. If ever a morning and evening passed away without his appearance, he was sure of being scolded by Miss Egerton, reproached by the countess, and frowned at by Lady Sara Roos. This lady contrived, in defiance of all other engagements, to drop in, every night at Lady Tinemouth's. Her ladyship was not more surprised at this sudden attachment of Lady Sara to her house, than pleased with her society, who she found, on intimate acquaintance, could lay aside that tissue of affectation and fashion which she wore in public, and really become a charming woman.

Though Lady Sara was vain, she was mistress

mistress of sufficient sense to penetrate with tolerable certainty into the characters of her acquaintance. Most of the men with whom she had hitherto associated, having been jumbled together in those large assemblies, where individuality is absorbed in the general mass of insipidity and ceremony, she saw that they were frivolous, or, at the least, warped in taste and principle; and the fascinations that she used, to subdue them, were the best suited to their capacity,—her beauty, her thoughtlessness, and her caprice. But, on the reverse, when she formed the wish to entangle such a man as Thaddeus, she soon discovered that, to engage his attention, she must appear in the unaffected graces of nature. To this end, she took pains to display the loveliness of her person in every movement and position; yet she managed the action with so inartificial and frank an air, that she seemed the only being present, who was unconscious of the versatility and power of her charms.

She

She conversed with good sense and propriety. In short, she appeared completely different from the gay ridiculous creature whom he had seen some weeks before, in the countess's parlour.

He now admired, both her person and her mind. Her winning softness; the vivacity of Miss Egerton; and the kindness of the countess, beguiled him many an evening from the contemplation of melancholy scenes at home.

One night, it came into the head of Maria Egerton to banter him about his military dress. "Do, for Heaven's sake, my dear Don Quixote," cried she, "let us see you out of your rusty armour! I declare, I am tired of the sight. Somehow, I do think you would be merrier out of that *customary suit of solemn black!*"

This demand was not pleasing to the count; but he good-humouredly replied, "I knew not, till you were so kind as to inform me, that a man's temper depends on his clothes."

"Else I suppose," cried she, interrupting him, "you would have changed your's before? Therefore, I expect, that you will do as I bid you now, and put on a christian's coat against the next time you enter this house."

Thaddeus was at a loss what to say; he only bowed; and the countess and Lady Sara smiled at her nonsense.

When they parted for the night, this part of the conversation passed off from all minds but that of Lady Tinemouth. She had considered the subject, but in a different way from Maria. Maria supposed that the handsome Constantine wore the dress of his country because it was the most becoming. But as such a whim did not correspond with the other parts of his character, Lady Tinemouth, in her own mind, attributed this adherence to his national habit, to the right cause.

She remarked, that, whenever she wished him to meet any agreeable people at her house, he always declined these introductions

troductions under the plea of his dress, though he never proposed to alter it. This conduct, added to his silence on every subject which related to the public amusements about town, led her to conclude, that, like the banished nobility of France, he was encountering the various inconveniences of poverty in a foreign land. She hoped that he had escaped its horrors; but she could not be certain, for he always shifted the conversation when it too closely referred to himself.

These observations haunted the mind of Lady Tinemouth, and made her anxious to contrive some opportunity in which she might have this interesting Constantine alone; and, by a proper management of the discourse, lead to some avowal of his real situation. Hitherto, her benevolent intentions were frustrated by various interruptions, at various times. Indeed, had she been actuated by mere curiosity, she would long ago have resigned the trial as fruitless; but sincere

pity and esteem kept her still watchful, until the very hour in which her considerate heart was fully satisfied.

One morning, when she was writing in her cabinet, a servant informed her that Mr. Constantine was below in the parlour. Pleased at this circumstance, she took advantage of a slight cold that affected her, and, hoping to be able to draw something out of him in the course of a *tête-à-tête*, begged he would come to her room.

When he entered, she perceived that he looked more pensive than usual. He sat down by her, and expressed his concern at her indisposition. She sighed heavily, but remained silent. Her thoughts were too much occupied with her benevolent plan, to decide exactly what to answer. She had determined to give him a cursory idea of her own unhappiness; and thus, by her confidence, attract his.

"I hope Miss Egerton is well?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Very well, Mr. Constantine. A heart at

at ease almost ever keeps the body in health. May she long continue as happy as at this period, and never know the disappointments of her friend!"

He looked at the countess.

"It is true, my dear sir," continued she. "It is hardly probable that the mere effect of thirty-five years could have made the inroads on my person which you see; but sorrow has done it; and, with all the comforts you behold around me, I am miserable. I have no joy independent of the few friends which Heaven has preserved to me; and yet," added she, "I have another anxiety united with those of which I complain: some of my friends, who afford me the consolation I mention, deny me the only return in my power, the office of sharing their griefs."

Thaddeus understood the expression of her ladyship's eye, and the tenderness of her voice, as she uttered these words. He saw to whom the kind reproach was directed,

rected, and he looked down confused and oppressed.

The countess resumed.

"I cannot deny, what your countenance declares; you think I mean you. I do Mr. Constantine; I have marked your melancholy; I have weighed other circumstances; and I am sure that you have many things to struggle with, besides those regrets, which must ever hang about the bosom of a brave man, who has witnessed the destruction of his country.---Forgive me, if I give you pain, (added she, observing his heightening colour,) I speak from a real esteem; I speak to you, as I would to my own son, were he in your situation."

"My dearest madam!" cried the count, overcome by her benevolence, "you have judged rightly; I have many things to struggle with; I have a sick friend at home, whom misfortune hath nearly bereft of reason; and whose wants, are now so complicated and expensive, that

that never till now, did I know the complete desolation of a man, without a country or a profession. For myself Lady Tinemouth, adversity has few pangs; but for my friend, for an old man, whose deranged faculties have forgotten the change in my affairs; he who leans on me for support and comfort; it is this that must account to your ladyship for those inconsistencies in my manner and spirits, which are so frequently the subject of Miss Egerton's raillery."

Thaddeus, in the course of this short and rapid narrative, gradually lowered the tone of his voice; and, at the close, covered his face with his hand. He had never before confided the history of his embarrassments to any creature; and he thought, (notwithstanding that it had been almost petitioned from him,) that he committed an outrage on the firmness of his character, by having, in any way, acknowledged the weight of his calamities.

Lady Tinemouth considered a few minutes, and then addressed him.

"I should ill repay this generous confidence, my young friend, were I to hesitate a moment in forming some plan which may prove of service to you. You have told me no more, dear Mr. Constantine, than I suspected. And I had something in view."---Here the countess stopped, expecting that her auditor would interrupt her. He remained silent, and she proceeded; "you spoke of a profession, of an employment."

"Yes, madam," returned he, taking his hand from his eyes; "I should be glad to engage in any profession or employment that you would recommend."

"I have little interest," answered her ladyship, "with people in power; therefore I cannot propose any thing which will in any degree suit with your rank; but the employment that I have in view several of the most illustrious French nobility have not disdained to execute."

"Do

"Do not fear to mention it to me," cried the count, perceiving her reluctance; "I would attempt any thing that is not dishonourable, to render service to my poor friend."

"Well then, would you have any objection to teach languages?"

Thaddeus immediately answered, "None in the world."

"Then," replied her ladyship, greatly relieved by the manner in which he received her proposal; "I will now tell you, that about a week ago, I paid a visit to Lady Dundas, the widow of Sir Hector Dundas, the rich East-Indian Director. Whilst I was there, I heard her talking with her two daughters about finding a proper master to teach them German. That language has become a very fashionable accomplishment amongst literary ladies; and, Miss Dundas being a member of the Blue-stocking Club, you instantly flashed across my mind. Lady Dundas was making a thousand objections against

the vulgarity of various teachers whom the young ladies proposed; and I, deeming it a favourable opportunity, told her ladyship, that if she could wait a few days, I would sound a friend of mine, who I knew, if he would condescend to take the trouble, must be the most eligible person imaginable. Lady Dundas and the girls gladly left it to me, and I now propose it to you."

"And I," replied he, "with a thousand thanks, accept the task."

"Then I will make the usual arrangements;" returned her ladyship, "and send you the result."

After half an hour's farther conversation, Lady Tinemouth became more impressed with the unsophisticated delicacy and dignity of the count's mind; and he, more grateful than utterance could declare, left his respects for Miss Egerton, and took his leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE next morning, whilst Thaddeus was vainly explaining to the general, that he no longer possessed a regiment of horse; which the poor old man wanted him to order out, to try the success of some manœuvres which he had devised, —little Nanny brought in a letter from Slaughter's, whither he had desired Lady Tinemouth to direct. He opened it, and found these contents :—

"My dear sir! so anxious was I to terminate the affair with Lady Dundas, that I went to her house last night. I affirmed it, as a great obligation, that you would undertake the trouble to teach her daughters; and I insist, that you do not, from any romantic ideas of candour, invalidate what I have said: I know the world too

well not to be convinced of the truth of Dr. Goldsmith's maxim,—"*If you be poor, do not seem poor, if you would avoid insult, as well as suffering.*"

"I told Miss Dundas, that you had undertaken the task solely at my persuasion; therefore I could not propose other terms than a guinea for two lessons. She is rich enough for any expence, and made no objection to my demand; besides, she presented the inclosed, by way of entrance-money. Thus, I have settled all preliminaries; and you are to commence your first lesson on Monday, at two o'clock.—But, before then, pray let me see you.

"Cannot you dine with us on Sunday? I have informed Miss Egerton of as much of the affair as I think necessary, to account for your new occupation. In short, good girl as she is, I thought it most prudent to set her and Lady Sara on the same scent that I have done the Dundases; therefore do not be uneasy on that head.

"Come to-morrow, if not before, and you

you will give real pleasure to your sincere friend,

"Adeliza Tinemouth.

"*Saturday morning, Grosvenor-place.*"

Truly grateful to the active friendship of the countess, and looking at the general, who appeared perfectly happy in the prosecution of his wild schemes, Thaddeus exclaimed to himself, "By these means, I shall at least have it in my power to procure all the assistance, which your melancholy state requires!"

On opening the inclosed, which her ladyship mentioned, he found it to be a bank note for ten pounds. Both the present and its amount gave him pain: not having done any service to earn it, he regarded the money more as a gift, than as as a bond of engagement. However, he found that this delicacy, with many other painful repugnancies, must, at this moment, be laid aside; and, without farther self-torment, he consigned the money to the use, for which he was aware the countess

tess intended it, namely, to provide himself with an English dress.

During these various reflections, he did not leave Lady Tinemouth's letter unanswered. He thanked her sincerely for her zeal; and declined dining with her the next day, on account of leaving his poor friend so long alone; but promised to come in the evening, when he should be retired to rest.

This excuse was regretted by none more than Lady Sara Roos; who, having heard from Lady Tinemouth on Saturday morning, that she expected Mr. Constantine to dinner on Sunday, invited herself to be one of the party. She had now seen him constantly for near a month; and, to her amazement, found, that in seeking to entrap him, she only had ensnared herself. Every word he uttered, penetrated to her heart; every glance of his eyes, shook her frame like electricity. She had now no necessity to affect softness, a young and seducing passion, imparted to her voice

and

and countenance all its bewitching pathos.

Thaddeus was not insensible to the enchantment, which this intoxicating power threw around her; but it did not reach as far as she intended. He confessed that she was a lovely woman, who might have affected his senses had she been free, and his heart been as in happier days. He knew that she was a married woman; and, as he believed her to be a virtuous one, he could not credit the evidence of his observations, which would often have whispered to him, the language, that her ladyship wished to convey.

When Lady Tinemouth mentioned to Lady Sara and Miss Egerton, the great favour she had conferred on the Miss Dundases, by prevailing on Mr. Constantine to undertake the task of teaching them German, Lady Sara could hardly conceal her vexation. She was angry at the count for his acquiescence, and hated

Lady

Lady Tinemouth for having made the proposal.

Miss Egerton laughed at the scrape into which Lady Tinemouth had brought his good nature; and declared, that she would tell him next day, at dinner, what a mulish pair of misses he had presumed to manage.

It was the youngest of these misses that excited Lady Sara's displeasure. Euphemia Dundas was very pretty; she had a large fortune at her disposal; and what might not such united temptations effect on the mind of her favourite? Torn with jealousy, she caught at the mention of his coming to dinner on the morrow; and offering to be one of the party, resolved to put on all her charms, that she might make one more essay, on the hitherto insensible soul of Thaddeus, before she beheld him enter scenes so likely to extinguish her hopes.—Hopes of what? she never allowed herself to inquire. She knew

knew that she never had loved her husband, that now she hated him, and was devoted to another. To be assured of a reciprocal passion from that other, she believed was the extent of her wish. Thinking that she held her husband's honour safe as her life, she determined to do what she liked with her heart. Her former admirers were now neglected; and, to the astonishment and admiration of the graver part of her acquaintance, she relinquished all those dissipated assemblies, in which she had so recently been the brightest attraction, to seclude herself, whole evenings, by the domestic fire-side of the countess of Tinemouth.

Thus, whilst the world were admiring a conduct, which they supposed would give a lasting happiness to herself and to her husband, she was cherishing a passion, which might prove the destruction of both.

On Sunday evening, the Count Sobieski entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, just as Miss Egerton seated herself

herself before the tea equipage. At the sight of him, she nodded her head, and called him to sit by her. Lady Tinemouth returned the grateful pressure of his hand. Lady Sara received him with a palpitating heart; and stooped her head to remove something that seemed to incommode her foot; but this was only a feint, to hide the blushes which were burning on her cheek. No one observed her confusion; so common it is, for those who are the constant witnesses of our actions to be the most ignorant of their expression and tendency.

Thaddeus could not be so uninformed. The frequent falling of her eye, when it met his; the unequivocal intonation of her voice, and sometimes the framing of her speech, often made him shiver. He gladly obeyed a second summons from the gay Maria, and drew his chair close to her's.

Lady Sara observed his motion with a jealous pang which she could not conceal; and,

and, pulling her seat, as far on the opposite side as possible, began in silence to sip her tea.

"Ye powers of gallantry!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Egerton, pushing away the table, and lifting her eye-glass to her eye, "I declare I have conquered! Look, Lady Tinemouth; look, Lady Sara! If Mr. Constantine does not better become this English dress, than his Polish horribles, drown me for a false prophetess!"

"You see I have obeyed you, madam," returned Thaddeus, bowing.

"Ah! you are in the right. Most men do it cheerfully, when they know that they will gain by the bargain. Now, you look like a christian: before, you always reminded me of some stalking hero in tragedy."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, forcing a smile, and ready to weep with mortification, "yes, and now he exhibits a striking resemblance to George Barnwell."

Maria, who did not perceive the anger and

and sarcasm couched under this remark, good humouredly replied.

"True, Lady Sara; but I don't care for his being in black: obedience was the thing I wanted, and I have it in his present appearance."

"Pray, Lady Tinemouth," asked her ladyship, seeking to revenge herself on his alacrity to obey Miss Egerton, the cause of which her jealousy misapprehended, "what o'clock is it? I have promised to be at Lady Sarum's concert by nine."

"It is not eight," returned the countess; "besides this is the first time I have heard of your engagement. I hoped your ladyship would have spent all this evening with us?"

"No," answered Lady Sara, "I cannot." And ringing the bell, she rose.

"Bless me, Lady Sara!" cried Miss Egerton, "you are not going? Don't you hear that it is only eight o'clock?"

Lady Sara, busying herself about tying her

her cloak, affected not to hear her, and told the servant who opened the door, to order her carriage.

Lady Tinemouth, much surprised at this precipitation, but far from guessing the cause, requested the count to see her ladyship down stairs.

"I would rather not," cried she in a quick voice; and, darting out of the room, was followed by Thaddeus; who got up with her flying footsteps, just as she reached the street door. He hastened past her, to assist her into the carriage, and saw, by the light of the flambeaux, her face streaming with tears. He had already extended his hand as she approached, when her ladyship, instead of accepting it, struck it down with her left hand; and, whilst he stood motionless with astonishment, jumped into the carriage, and, with an indignant tone, ordered it to Berkley-square. He remained stupified for a few minutes, looking after her; then returned into the house, too well

well able to translate the meaning of all this petulance.

When he re-ascended the stairs, Lady Tinemouth expressed her wonder at the whimsical departure of her friend; but, as Thaddeus (who was really disturbed) returned a vague reply, the subject ended.

Miss Egerton, who hardly thought two minutes on the same thing, sent away the tea-board; and, sitting down by the count, exclaimed,

"Mr. Constantine, I hold it right, that no man should be thrown into a den of wild beasts, without knowing what kind of monsters he shall meet there. Hence, as I find that you have undertaken the taming of that *ursa major*, Lady Dundas, and her cubs, I must tell you what they are like.—Will you hear me?"

"Certainly."

"Will you attend to my advice?"

"If I like it."

"Ha!" replied she, returning his smile with another; "that is just such an answer as

as I would have made myself, so I won't quarrel with you. Lady Tinemouth, you will allow me to draw your friends' pictures?"

"Yes, Maria, provided you don't make them caricatures. Remember, your candour is at stake; to-morrow, Mr. Constantine will judge for himself."

"And I am sure he will agree with me. Now, Lady Dundas, if you please? I know that your ladyship is a great stickler for precedence."

Lady Tinemouth laughed, and interrupted her.

"I declare, Maria, you are a very daring girl. What do you not risk, by giving way to this satirical spirit?"

"Not any body's love that I value, Lady Tinemouth; *you* know that I never *daub* a *fair* character; *Mr. Constantine* takes me on your credit; and, if you mean *Charles Montresor*, he is as bad as myself, and dare not for his life have any qualms."

"Well,

"Well, well, proceed," cried her ladyship, "I will not interrupt you again."

"Then," resumed she, "I must begin with Lady Dundas. In proper historical style, I shall commence with her birth, parentage, and education. For the first, my father told me, that he remembers her, when she was the maid of Governor Sefton's wife, at Surat. Soon after their arrival, this pretty Abigail, by some means cajoled old Hector Dundas, (who was then exercising the same command over some other Indian province,) to marry her. When she came back to England, she coaxed her foolish husband, to appropriate some of his ill-gotten riches to the purchase of a baronetcy. I suppose, the appellation *Mistress* put her in mind of her *ci-devant* servantship; and, in a happy hour, he complied, and she became *my lady*. That over, Sir Hector had nothing more to do in this world. He was so good as to think so himself; and, to add to his former obligations, had the civility

to

to walk out of it; for one night, whether he had been dreaming of his feats in India I cannot affirm, but he marched out of his bed-room-window and broke his neck. Ever since that fortunate event, Lady Dundas has exhibited the finest parties about town. And though she is as vulgar as she is rich, every body goes to see her; but whether in compliment to their own taste, or her silver muslins, I don't know, for there are half a dozen titled ladies of her acquaintance, who to my certain knowledge, have not bought a ball-dress this twelvemonth. Well, how do you like Lady Dundas?"

"I do not like your sketch," replied Thaddeus, with a secret sigh, that from such a woman he was to receive an obligation.

"Come, don't sigh about my veracity;" interrupted she, "I do assure you, I should have been more correct, had I been more severe; for, she is as ill-natured as she is vulgar, and as presumptuous as

ignorant; in short, she is a fit mother for the delectable Miss Dundas, whose description you shall have in two questions. Can you imagine Socrates in his wife's petticoats? Can you imagine a pedant, a scold, and a coquette, in one woman? If you can, you have a foretaste of Diana Dundas. She is large and ugly, and thinks herself delicate and handsome; she is self-willed and ignorant, and believes that she is wise and learned; for, unhappily, she has wriggled herself amongst the *blue stockings;* and, to sum up all, she is the most malicious creature breathing."

"My dear Maria!" cried Lady Tinemouth, laying her hand on her arm, and alarmed at the effect her high colouring might have on the mind of Thaddeus; "for Heaven's sake be temperate! I never heard you so unbecomingly harsh in my life."

Miss Egerton peeped archly in her face.

"Are

"Are you serious, Lady Tinemouth? You know that I would not look unbecoming in your eyes. Come, shake hands with me, and I will be more merciful to the gentle Euphemia, for I intend that Mr. Constantine shall be her lover. Won't you?" cried she, resigning her ladyship's hand. Thaddeus shook his head. "I don't understand your Lord Burleigh nods; answer me in words, when I have finished; for I am sure you will immediately unclasp your heart to receive the sweet creature. She is so tiny and so pretty, that I never see her without thinking of some gay little trinket, all over precious stones. Her eyes are two diamond sparks, melted into lustre; and her teeth, seed pearl, lying between rubies. So much for the casket; but for the quality of the jewel within, I leave you to make the discovery."

Miss Egerton, having run herself out of breath, suddenly stopped. Thaddeus, seeing that he was called upon to say

something, made an answer, which only drew upon him a new volley of raillery. Lady Tinemouth tried to avert it, but she failed; and Maria continued, with very little interruption, until the party separated for the night.

Now that the count thought himself secure of the means of payment, he sent the next day to consult a physician respecting the situation of the general. When Dr. Cavendish saw and conversed with the venerable Butzou, he gave it as his opinion, that the malady had originated in grief.

"I can too well suppose that," replied Thaddeus.

"Then," rejoined the physician, "I fear, sir, that unless I know something of its cause, my visits will prove almost useless."

The count was silent. The doctor resumed—

"I shall be grieved, if his sorrows be of too delicate a nature to be trusted with a man

man of honour: for, in these cases, unless we have some knowledge of the springs of the madness, we lose much time, and perhaps entirely fail of a cure. Our discipline is addressed, both to the body and mind of the patient."

Thaddeus perceived the necessity of compliance, and did so without farther hesitation.

"The calamities, sir, which have occasioned the derangement of my friend, need not be any secret; too many have shared them with him; his sorrows have been public ones. You must learn by his language, Dr. Cavendish, that he is a foreigner and a soldier; he held the rank of general in the king of Poland's service. Since the period in which his country fell, his wandering senses have approximated to what you see."

Dr. Cavendish paused for a moment, before he answered the count; then, fixing his eyes upon the veteran, who was sitting at the other end of the room, form-

ing the model of a fortified town, he said—

"All that we can do, at present, sir, is to permit him to follow his schemes without contradiction; meanwhile, strengthening his system with proper medicines, and lulling its irritation by gentle opiates. We must proceed cautiously, and I trust, in Heaven, that success will crown us at last."

When the doctor had written his prescription, and was preparing to go, Thaddeus offered him his fee; but the good Cavendish taking the hand that presented it, and closing it on the guinea, "No, my dear sir," said he, "real patriotism is too much the idol of my heart, to allow me to receive payment when I behold her face. Suffer me, Mr. Constantine, to visit you and your brave friend as a friend, or I never come again?"

"Sir, this generous conduct to strangers."

"Generous to myself, Mr. Constantine, and

and not to strangers; I cannot consider you as such; for men, who devote themselves to their country, must find a brother in every honest breast. I will not hear of our meeting on any other terms."

Thaddeus could not immediately form a reply adequate to the sentiment which the generosity and philanthropy of the doctor awakened. Whilst he stood, incapable of speaking, Cavendish, with one glance of his penetrating eye, decypher-ed his countenance; and, giving him a friendly shake by the hand, disappeared.

The count took up his hat; and, musing all the way he went, on the unexpected scenes we meet in life; disappointment where we expected kindness, and friendship where no hope could arise; he arrived at the door of Lady Dundas, in Harley-street.

He was instantly let in; and, with much ceremony, ushered into a splendid library, where he remained, in expectation of his pupils. Before they entered, they allowed

him sufficient time, to examine its costly furniture, its glittering book-cases, bird-cages, globes, and reading-stands, all shining with burnished gilding; its plaster casts of the nine muses, which stood in nine recesses about the room, draperied with blue net looped up with artificial roses; and, on each side of a fine cut-steel Rumford stove, were placed, on sandal-wood pedestals, two five-feet statues of Apollo and Minerva.

Thaddeus had twice walked round these fopperies of learning, when the door opened, and Lady Dundas, dressed in a morning wrapper made of Indian shawls, waddled into the apartment. She neither bowed nor curtsied to the count, who was standing when she entered, but, looking at him from head to foot, said, as she passed, "So you are come;" and, ringing the bell, called to the servant in no very soft tones, "Tell Miss Dundas, that the person Lady Tinemouth spoke of is here." Her ladyship then sat down close to the fire,

fire, in one of the little gilded chairs, leaving Thaddeus still standing on the spot where he had bowed to her entrance.

"You may sit down," cried she, not deigning to look at him, and stirring the fire; "for my daughter may not choose to come this half hour."

"I prefer standing," replied the count, who could have laughed at the accuracy of Miss Egerton's picture, had he not prognosticated many disagreeables to himself, from the ill manners, of which this was a specimen.

Lady Dundas took no farther notice of him. Turning from her bloated countenance, (which pride, as well as high eating, had swoln from prettyness to deformity,) he walked to a window, and stationed himself there, looking into the street, until the door was again opened, and two ladies made their appearance.

"Miss Dundas," cried her ladyship, "here is the young man who is to teach you German."

Thaddeus bowed; the younger of the ladies curtsied; and so did the other, not forgetting to accompany such condescension with a toss of the head, that the effect of undue humility might be done away.

Whilst a servant was setting chairs round a table, on which was painted the judgment of Hercules, Lady Dundas again opened her lips.

"Pray, Mr. Thingumbob, have you brought any grammars, and primers, and dictionaries, and syntaxes, with you?"

Before he had time to reply in the negative, Miss Dundas, with a frown, interrupted her mother.

"I wish, madam, that you would leave the arrangement of my studies to myself. Does your ladyship think, that we would learn out of any book, which had been touched by other people? Thomas," cried she, to a servant, "send Stevens hither."

Thaddeus silently contemplated this strange mother and daughter, whilst the pretty

pretty Euphemia paid the same compliment to him. During his stay, he ventured to look once only, at her Sylphid figure. There was an unreceding something in her liquid blue eyes, when he chanced to meet them, which displeased him; and he saw, that, from the instant she entered the room, she had never ceased staring in his face.

He was a little relieved, by the maid putting the books on the table: and Miss Dundas, taking a seat, desired him to sit down by her, and arrange the lessons. Lady Dundas was drawing to the other side of the count, when Euphemia suddenly whisking round, pushed before her mother, and actually elbowed her out with this exclamation—

"Dear mamma! you don't want to learn!" and she squeezed herself upon the edge of her mother's chair; who, very angrily, getting up, declared, that rudeness to a parent, was intolerable from such well bred young women; and left the room.

Euphemia blushed at this reproof, more than at her conduct; and Miss Dundas added to her confusion, by giving her a second reprimand. Thaddeus, who pitied the evident embarrassment of the little beauty, to relieve her, presented to her the page in the German grammar with which they were to begin. This had the desired effect, and for an hour and a half they prosecuted their studies with close attention.

Whilst the count continued his directions to her sister, and then turned his address to herself, Miss Euphemia, wholly unseen by him, with a bent head, was affecting to hear him, though at the same time she looked obliquely through her thick flaxen ringlets; and gazing with wonder and admiration on his face, as it inclined towards her, said to herself, "If this man were a gentleman, I should think him the most charming creature in the world."

"Will your task be too long, madam?" enquired

enquired Thaddeus, "will it give you any inconvenience to remember?"

"To remember what?" asked she, for in truth she had neither seen what he had been pointing at, nor heard what he had been saying.

"The lesson, madam, that I have just been proposing."

"Shew it to me again, and then I shall be a better judge."

He did as he was desired; and was taking his leave, when she called after him,

"Pray, Mr. Constantine, come to-morrow at two. I want you particularly."

The count bowed and withdrew.

"And what do you want with him to morrow, child?" asked Miss Dundas, "you are not accustomed to be so fond of improvement."

Euphemia knew very well what she was accustomed to be fond of; but not chusing to let her austere sister into her predilection for the contemplation of superior beauty,

beauty, she merely answered, "You know, Diana, that you often reproach me for my absurd devotion to novel reading, and my repugnance to graver books; now I want at once to be like you, a woman of great erudition; and, for that purpose, I will study day and night at the German, till I can read all the philosophers, and be a fit companion for my sister."

This speech from Euphemia, (who had always been so declared an enemy to pedantry, as to affirm, that she learnt German, merely, because it was the fashion,) would have awakened Miss Dundas to some suspicion of a covert design, had she not been in the habit of taking down such large draughts of adulation, that where herself was the subject of encomium, she gave it full confidence. Euphemia, who seldom administered these doses, but to serve particular views, seeing, in the present case, that a little flattery was necessary, felt no compunction in sacrificing sincerity to the gratification of her caprice.

Weak

Weak of understanding, she had fed on works of imagination, until her mind loathed all other kind of food. Not content with devouring the elegant pages of Mackenzie, West, and De Genlis, she flew with voracious appetite, to sate herself on the "garbage" of any circulating library that fell in her way.

The effects of such a taste, were soon exhibited in her manners. Being very pretty, she became very sentimental. She dressed like a wood nymph; and talked, as if her soul were made up of love and sorrow: though neither of these emotions she knew by experience, nevertheless, she was ever the victim of some ill-fated passion; at least she fancied herself, at different periods, in love with all the fine men about town.

By this management, she kept faithful to her favourite principle, that "*love was a want of her soul!*" As it was the rule of her life, it ever trembled on her tongue; ever introduced the confession of any new attach-

attachment, which usually happened three times a-year, to her dear friend, Miss Arabella Rothes. Fortunately for the longevity of their mutual friendship, owing to the compulsion of an old uncle, this young lady lived in an ancient house, forty miles to the north of London. This latter circumstance proved a pretty distress for their pens to descant on, and Arabella remained a most charming sentimental writing stock, to receive the catalogue of Miss Euphemia's lovers; indeed, that gentle creature might have matched every lady in Cowley's calendar with a gentleman. Every throb of her heart could have acknowledged a different master. First, the fashionable sloven, Augustus Somers, lounged and sauntered himself into her good graces: but his dishevelled hair, soiled linen, and dirty great coat, not exactly meeting her ideas of an elegant lover, she gave him up at the end of three weeks. The next object her eyes fell upon, as most opposite to her former fancy, was the

the charming marquis of Inverary. But here all her arrows failed, for she never could extract more than a *how d'ye do?* from him, through the long lapse of four months; during which time she continued as constant to his fine figure, and her own folly, as could have fallen to the lot of any poor despairing damsel. However, my lord was so cruel, so perfidious, as to allow several opportunites to pass, in which he might have declared his passion; and she told Arabella, in a letter of six sheets, that she would bear it no longer.

She put this wise resolution in practice; and had already played the same game with half a score, (the last of whom was a young guardsman, who had just rode into her heart, by managing his steed, with the air of an Alexander, every day in Hyde Park,) when Thaddeus made his appearance before her.

The moment she fixed her eyes on him, her inflammable imagination was set in a blaze. She forgot his apparent subordi-

nate

nate quality, in the nobleness of his figure; and, once or twice, that evening, whilst she was flitting about the sparkling cynosure of the dutchess of Orkney's masquerade, her thoughts hovered over the handsome foreigner.

She viewed the subject, first one way and then another, and in her ever-varying mind, "*he was every thing by turns, and nothing long;*" but at length she argued herself into a belief, that he must be a man of rank from some of the German courts, who having seen her somewhere unknown to herself, had fallen in love, and persuaded Lady Tinemouth to introduce him as a language-master to her family, that he might be enabled to appreciate the disinterestedness of her disposition.

This wild idea having once gotten into her head, received instant credence. She resolved, without seeming to suspect it, to treat him as his quality deserved, and to deliver sentiments in his hearing, which should charm him with their delicacy and generosity. With

With these chimeras floating in her brain, she returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Constantine had turned out to be *Monsieur*, had offered her his hand, and that she was conducted to the altar by a train of princes and princesses, his brothers and sisters.

She awoke the next morning from these delliriums, in an ecstacy, deeming them prophetic; and, taking up her book, began, with a fluttering attention, to scan the lesson which Thaddeus had desired her to learn.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE following day at noon, as the count Sobieski was crossing over Cavendish-square, to keep his appointment in Harley-street, he was met by Lady Sara Roos. She had spoken with the Miss Dundasses the night before, at the masquerade; where discovering the pretty Euphemia through the dress of Eloisa, her jealous and incensed heart, could not withstand the temptation of hinting at the captivating Abelard, whom she had elected to direct her studies. Her ladyship soon penetrated into the situation of Euphemia's heated fancy; and drew from her, without betraying herself, that she expected to see her master the following day. Lady Sara, stung to the soul, immediately quitted the rooms, and, in a paroxysm of disappoint-

disappointment, determined to throw herself in his way as he went to their house.

With this hope, she had already been traversing the square upwards of an hour, when her anxious eye, at last caught a view of his figure, proceeding along Margaret-street. Hardly able to support her tottering frame, shaken as it was with contending emotions, she accosted him first; for he was passing straight onwards, without looking to the right or the left. On seeing her ladyship he stopped, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"If you *really* are pleased to meet me," said she, forcing a smile, "take a turn with me round the square. I want to speak with you."

Thaddeus bowed, and her ladyship put her arm through his, but remained silent for a few minutes, in evident confusion. The count recollected that it must now be quite two. He knew the awkwardness of making the Misses Dundass wait; and, notwithstanding his reluctance to appear impa-

impatient with Lady Sara, he found himself obliged to say,

"I am sorry that I must urge your ladyship to honour me with your commands, for it is already past the time when I ought to have been with the Miss Dundasses."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, angrily, "Miss Euphemia told me as much; but Mr. Constantine, as a friend, I must warn you against her arts; as well as against those of another lady, who would do well to correct the boldness of her manner."

"Whom do you mean, madam?" interrogated Thaddeus, surprised at her warmth, and totally at a loss to conjecture to whom she alluded.

"A little reflection would answer you," returned she, wishing to retreat from an explanation, yet stimulated by her double jealousy to proceed; "She may be a good girl, Mr. Constantine, and I dare say she is; but a woman who has promised her hand to another, ought not to flirt with you.

you. What business had Miss Egerton to command you to wear an English dress? But she must now see the danger of her conduct, by your having presumed to obey her."

"Lady Sara!" exclaimed the count, much hurt at this speech, "I hardly understand you; yet I believe I may venture to affirm, that in all which you have just now said, you are mistaken. Who can witness the general frankness of Miss Egerton, or listen to the candid manner with which she avows her attachment to Mr. Montressor, and conceive that she possesses any thoughts, which would not do her honour to reveal? And for myself," added he, lowering the tone of his voice, "I trust, the least of my faults is presumption. It never was my character to presume on any lady's condescension; and if dressing as she desired, be deemed an instance of that kind, I can declare upon my word, had I not found other motives

tives besides her raillery, my appearance should not have suffered any change."

"Are you sincere, Mr. Constantine?" cried Lady Sara, now smiling with pleasure.

"Indeed, I am; and happy, if my explanation have met with your ladyship's approbation."

"Mr. Constantine," resumed she, "I have no motive but one, in my discourse with you; friendship." And, casting her eyes down, she sighed profoundly.

"Your ladyship does me honour."

"I would have you regard me with the same confidence that you pay Lady Tinemouth. My father possesses the first patronage in this country; therefore I have it a thousand times more in my power than she has, to render you a service."

Here her ladyship overshot herself: she had not calculated well on the nature of the mind she wished to ensnare.

"I am grateful to your generosity," replied

plied Thaddeus; "but on this head I must decline your kind offices. Whilst I consider myself the subject of one king, though he be in a prison, I will not accept of any employment under another who is in alliance with his enemies."

Lady Sara discovered her error the moment he had made his answer; and, in a disappointed tone, exclaimed, "Then you despise my friendship!"

"No, Lady Sara; it is an honour far beyond my merits: and my gratitude to Lady Tinemouth must be doubled, when I recollect, that I possess it through her means."

"Well," cried her ladyship, "have that as you will; but I expect as a specimen of your confidence in me, that you will be wary of Euphemia Dundas. I know that she is artful and vain, and finds amusement in attracting the affections of men; and then, notwithstanding her affected sensibility, she turns them into a subject for laughter."

"I thank your ladyship," replied the count; "but in this respect, I think that I am safe, both from the lady and myself."

"How?" asked Lady Sara, rather too eagerly, "is your heart?"—She paused, and looked down.

"No, madam;" replied he, sighing as deeply as herself, but with his thoughts far from her, and the object of their discourse; "I have no place in my heart to give to love. Besides, the quality in which I appear at Lady Dundas's, would preclude the vainest man alive, from supposing, that such behaviour from any lady to him, could be possible Therefore, I am safe; though I acknowledge my obligation to your ladyship's caution."

Lady Sara was satisfied with the first part of this answer. It declared that his heart was unoccupied; and as he had accepted her proffered friendship, she doubted not, but that when assisted by more frequent displays of her fascinations, she could destroy its lambent nature, and,

in

in the end, light up in his bosom a similar fire to that which consumed her own.

The almost unconscious object of all these desires began, internally, to accuse his vanity of being too fanciful in the formation of suspicions, which, on a former occasion, he had believed himself forced to admit; and, blushing at a quickness of perception, which his contrition nominated a weakness, he found himself at the bottom of Harley-street.

Lady Sara called her servant to walk nearer to her; and, telling Thaddeus, that she should expect to meet him the next evening at Lady Tinemouth's, wished him good morning.

He was certain that he must have staid at least half an hour beyond the time when he had promised to be with the sisters. Anticipating very haughty looks, and, perhaps, a reprimand, he knocked at the door, and was again shewn into the library. Miss Euphemia was sitting alone.

The count offered some indistinct ex-

cuse for having made her wait, but Euphemia, with good humoured alacrity, interrupted him.

"O pray, don't mind; you have made nobody wait but me, and I can easily forgive it; for mamma and my sister chose to go out at one, it being May-day, to see the chimney-sweepers dine at Mrs. Montague's. They did as they liked; and I preferred staying at home to repeat my lesson."

Thaddeus, thanking her for her indulgence, sat down, and, taking the book, began to question her. Not one word could she recollect. She smiled.

"I am afraid, madam, that you have never thought of it since yesterday morning?"

"Indeed I have thought of nothing else; you must forgive me; I am very stupid, Mr. Constantine, at learning languages, and German is so harsh—at least to my ears! Cannot you teach me any other thing? I should like to learn of you

you of all things, but do think of something else besides this odious jargon! Cannot you teach me how to read poetry elegantly? Shakspeare, for instance; I doat upon Shakspeare!"

"That would be strange presumption, in a foreigner."

"No presumption in the least," cried she, "if you can do it, pray begin! there is Romeo and Juliet."

Thaddeus pushed away the book with a smile.

"I cannot do it. I understand him with as much ease, as you, madam, will soon do German, if you apply; but I cannot pretend to read him aloud."

"Dear me, how vexatious!—But I must hear you read something. Do, take up that Werter. My sister got it from the Prussian Ambassador, and he tells me it is sweetest in its own language."

The count opened the book.

"But you will not understand a word of it.'

"I don't care for that; I have it by heart in English; and if you will only read his last letter to Charlotte, I know I can follow you in my own mind."

To please this whimsical little creature, Thaddeus turned to the letter, and read it forward with a pathos, that was natural to his voice and character. When he came to an end, and closed the volume, the cadence of his tones, and the lady's memory, did ample justice to her sensibility. She looked up, and smiling through her watery eyes, which glittered like violets wet with dew, drew out her perfumed handkerchief, and wiping them, said:

"I thank you, Mr. Constantine. You see, by this irrepressible emotion, that I feel Goethië, and did not ask you a vain favour."

Thaddeus bowed, for he was at a loss to guess, what kind of a reply, could be expected by such a strange creature.

She continued:

"You

"You are a German, Mr. Constantine. Did you ever see Charlotte?"

"Never, madam."

"I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have heard what sort of a beauty she was. But, don't you think she behaved cruelly to Werter? Perhaps you knew him?"

"No, madam; this lamentable story happened before I was born."

"How unhappy for him! I am sure you would have made the most charming friends in the world! Have you a friend, Mr. Constantine?"

The count looked at her with surprise. She laughed at the expression of his countenance.

"I don't mean such friends as one's father, mother, sisters, and relations; most people have enough of them. I mean a tender confiding friend, to whom you unbosom all your secrets; who is your other self, a second soul! In short,

a creature in whose existence you forget your own !"

Thaddeus followed, with his eyes, the heightened colour of the fair enthusiast; who, accompanying her rhapsody, with action expressive as her words, had to repeat her question, "*have you such a friend?*" before he found recollection to answer her in the negative.

The count, who never had been used to such extravagant behaviour in a woman, would have regarded Miss Euphemia Dundas as little better than insane, had he not been prepared by Miss Egerton's description; and he now acquiesced in her desire, to detain him another hour; half amused, and half wearied, with her aimless and wild fancies. But here he was mistaken, her fancies were not aimless; his heart was the game she had in view; and she determined, that a desperate attack should make it her own, in return for the deep wounds, which she had

had received, from every tone of his voice, whilst reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Thaddeus spent near a fortnight in the constant exercise of his occupations. In the mornings, until two, he prepared those drawings, by the sale of which he was empowered to pay the good Mrs. Robson, for her care of his friend. And he hoped, that when the ladies in Harley-street should think it time to defray any part of their now large debt to him, he might be enabled to liquidate the very long bill of his friend's apothecary. But the Misses Dundas possessed too much money to think of its utility; they used it as counters; for they had no conception, that to other people, it was the purchaser of almost every comfort. Their comforts came so certainly, that they supposed they grew, of necessity, out of their situation; and that their great wealth owned no other commission, than to give splendid parties, and buy fine things. Their golden shower being exhaled by the same power of va-

nity, by which it had been shed, they as little regarded its dispersion, as they had marked its fall.

Hence, these amiable ladies, never once recollected, that their master ought to receive some weightier remuneration for his visits, than the honour of paying them; and, as poets tell, that all honours are atchieved by much hardihood, so these two sisters, though in different ways, seemed resolved, that Thaddeus should purchase his distinction with adequate pains.

Notwithstanding that Miss Dundass continued very remiss in her lessons, she unrelentingly required the count's attendance; and, sometimes not in the most gentle language, reproached him for a backwardness, which she owed entirely to her own inattention and stupidity. The fair Diana, would have been the most learned woman in the world, could she have found any fine-lady path to the temple of science; but the goddess who presides there, being only to be won by arduous

duous climbing, poor Miss Dundas, like the indolent monarch, who made the same demand of the philosophers, was obliged to lay the fault of her own slippery feet on the weakness of her conductors.

As Thaddeus despised her most heartily, he bore ill humour from that quarter with unshaken equanimity. But the pretty Euphemia was not so easily managed: she had now completely given up her fanciful soul to this prince in disguise; and already began to act a thousand extravagancies. Diana, without suspecting the object, soon discovered that she was in one of her love fits. Indeed she cared nothing about it; and, leaving her to pursue the passion as she liked, poor Euphemia, according to her custom, when labouring under this whimsical malady, addicted herself to solitude. This romantic taste she generally indulged, by taking her footman to the gate of the green in Cavendish square, where he stood until she performed a pensive saunter up and

down the walk. After this, she returned, adjusted her hair in the Madona fashion, because the count had, one day, admired the female head in a holy family, by Guido, over the chimney-piece; then, seating herself in some becoming attitude, she usually waited, with her eyes constantly turning to the door, until the object of these pains presented himself. She impatiently watched all his motions and looks, whilst he attended to her sister; and, the moment he was done, ran over her own lessons with greater volubility than clearness. This finished, she shut the books, and employed the remainder of the time, in translating a number of little mottoes into German, which she composed for boxes, baskets, and other frippery.

One day, when the count, as usual, was tired to death with making common sense out of so much nonsense, Euphemia, observing that Diana was at the other end of the room with the honourable Mr. Lascelles,

celles, (for Miss Dundas, to give an eclat to her new studies, had lately opened her library door to morning visitors,) thought that she might do what she wished without detection; and hastily drawing a folded paper from her pocket, she desired Thaddeus to take it home, and translate it into what language he liked.

The count, surprised at her manner, held it in his hand.

"Put it in your pocket," added she, in a hurrying voice, "else my sister will see it, and ask what it is!"

Thaddeus, full of wonder, obeyed her; and the little beauty, having executed her scheme, seemed quite intoxicated with delight. When he was preparing to withdraw, she called to him, and asked him when he should see Lady Tinemouth.

"This evening, madam."

"Then," returned she, "tell her ladyship that I shall come and sit half an hour with her to-night; and here," added she, running up to him, "present her that rose

rose with my love." Whilst she put it into his hand, she whispered, in a low voice, "and you will tell me what you think of those verses which I have given you."

Thaddeus blushed, and bowed. He hurried out of the house into the street; as if, by that haste, he could altogether have gotten out of a dilemma, to which he feared all this foolish mystery of Euphemia was only the introduction.

Though the count Sobieski was, of all men in the world, perhaps the least inclined to vanity; yet he must have been also the most stupid, if he had not been convinced, by this time, of the criminal attachment of Lady Sara. Added to this disagreeable certainty, he more than half dreaded a similar folly in Miss Euphemia.

Can a man see himself the daily object of a pair of melting eyes; hear everlasting sighs at his entrance and departure; day after day receive tender, though covert, addresses about disinterested love; can he

he witness all this, and be sincere, when he affirms that it is the language of indifference? If that be possible, the count Sobieski has no pretensions to modesty. He comprehended the '*discoursing*' of Miss Euphemia's '*eye*,' also the tendency of the love-sick mottoes, which, under various excuses, she put into his hand; and, with many a smile mixed with pity, he contemplated her childish absurdity.

A few days prior to that in which she made this appointment with the count, she presented to him another of her devices, which ran thus:—"Frighted Love, like a wild beast, shakes the wood in which it hides."

Thaddeus almost laughed at the oddity of this conceit.

"Do, dear Mr. Constantine," cried she, "translate it into the sweetest French you can; for I mean to have it put into a medallion, and to give it to the person whom I most value on earth!"

There was something so truly ridiculous in

in the sentence, that, reluctant to allow even Miss Euphemia to expose herself so far, he considered a moment how he should make any thing so bad, better, and then said, "I am afraid I cannot translate it literally: but surely, madam, you can do it yourself!"

"Yes, but I like your French better than mine; so set about it."

He had done the same kind of thing a hundred times, and, without farther parley, wrote as follows:

"L'amour, tel qu'une biche blessée, se trahit lui-même par sa crainte, qui fait remuer le feuillage qui le couvre."

"Bless me, how pretty!" cried she, and immediately put it into her bosom.

To this unlucky addition of the words *se trahit lui-même*, Thaddeus was indebted for the present of the folded paper. The ever-working imagination of Euphemia, in a moment seized the inserted thought as a delicate avowal, that he was the wounded deer, which he had substituted in place of the

the wild beast; and, as soon as he arrived at home, he found the effects of her mistake in the packet, which she had given with so much secrecy.

When he broke the seal something dropped out, and fell on the carpet. He took it up, and blushed like scarlet, on finding a gold medallion, with the words he had altered for Miss Euphemia engraved on blue enamel. With an agitated hand he next looked at the envelope; it contained a copy of verses, with this line written at the top,

"To him who will apply them."

On perusing farther, he found them to be Mr. Phillips' beautiful translation of that ode of Sappho, which runs:

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
"The friend who fondly sits by thee,
"And hears and sees thee all the while,
"Softly speak, and sweetly smile!

"'Twas

" 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
" And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
" For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
" My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

" My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
" Ran quick through all my vital frame;
" O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
" My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
" My feeble pulse forgot to play:
" I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!"

" EUPHEMIA."

Thaddeus threw both them and the medallion together on the table, and sat for a few minutes, considering how he should extricate himself from an affair so truly farcical.

He was thinking of at once giving up the task of attending either of the sisters, when, his eyes falling on the uncomplaining but melancholy features of his poor friend, he exclaimed, " No; for thy sake, gallant

gallant Butzou, I will brave every scene, however abhorrent to my heart!"

Well aware, from observation on Miss Euphemia, that the seeming tenderness, which prompted an act so wild and unbecoming, originated in mere caprice, he did not hesitate in determining, to return the things in as handsome a manner as possible, and, by so doing, at once crush the whole affair. He felt no pain in forming these resolves; because he saw, that not one impulse of her conduct sprung from her heart. It was a whim raised by him to day, which might be superseded by another to-morrow.

But how different was the case with regard to Lady Sara! Her uncontrolled nature could not long brook the restraints of friendship Every attention that he gave to Lady Tinemouth, every civility that he paid to Miss Egerton, or to any other lady whom he met at the countess's, went like a dagger to her soul; and, whenever she could gain his ear in private, she generally made

made him sensible of her misery, and his own unhappiness in being its cause, by reproaches, which too unequivocally proclaimed their source.

He now saw that her ladyship had given way to a dangerous and headstrong passion; and, allowing for the politeness which is due from his sex, he tried, by an appearance of the most stubborn coldness, and an obstinate perversity in shutting his apprehension against all her speeches and actions, to stem a tide which threatened her with ruin.

Lady Tinemouth at last began to open her eyes to the perilous situation of both her friends. Highly as she esteemed Thaddeus, she knew not the extent of his integrity. She had lived too long about the court of Great Britain; and had seen too many men from the courts of the continent, to place much reliance on the honour of a single and unattached young man, when assailed by rank, beauty, and love.

Alarmed

Alarmed at what might be the result of her observations, and fearing to lose any time, she had that very evening, in which she expected the count to supper, drawn out of Lady Sara the unhappy state of her heart.

The dreadful confession was made by her ladyship, with repeated showers of tears, and in paroxysms of agony, which pierced the countess to the soul.

"My dear Lady Sara," cried she, "for Heaven's sake, remember your duty to Captain Roos!"

"I shall never forget it!" exclaimed her ladyship, shaking her head mournfully, and striking her breast with her clenched hand; "I never look on the face of Constantine, that I do not execrate from my heart, the vows which I have sworn to Roos; but I have bound myself his property; and, though I hate him, whatever it may cost me, I will never forget, that my faith and honour are my husband's."

Lady

Lady Tinemouth, with a countenance, bathed in tears, put her arms round the waist of Lady Sara, who now sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dear Lady Sara! that was spoken like yourself. Do more; abstain from seeing Mr. Constantine."

"Don't require of me, that!" cried her ladyship. "I could easier rid myself of existence. He is the very essence of my happiness. It is only in his company, that I forget, that I am a wretch."

"This is obstinacy, my dear Lady Sara! This is courting danger."

"Lady Tinemouth, urge me no more on the subject. Is it not enough," continued she, sullenly, "that I am miserable? Would you drive me to desperation! If there be danger you brought me into it."

"I!"

"Yes, you, Lady Tinemouth; you introduced him to me."

"But

"But you are married. Handsome and amiable as he is, could I suppose——"

"Nonsense!" cried her ladyship, interrupting her, "you know that I am married to a mere fool! But it is not because Constantine is handsome, that I like him. No; though no human form can come nearer to perfection, yet it was not that: it was you. You, and Maria Egerton, were always telling me of his bravery; what wealth and honours he had sacrificed in the service of his country; how nobly he succoured the distresses of others; how heedless he was of his own. This fired my imagination, and won my heart. No, it was not his beauty; I am not so despicable!"

"Dear Lady Sara, be calm!" entreated her ladyship, completely at a loss how to manage a spirit, whose violence exceeded her conception; "Think, my dear friend, what horrors you would experience, if Mr. Constantine were to discover this predilection, and presume upon it! You know,

where

where even the best of men are vulnerable."

The eyes of Lady Sara sparkled with pleasure at this surmise of the countess.

"Why surely, Lady Sara!" exclaimed Lady Tinemouth, doubtingly.

"Don't fear me, Lady Tinemouth; I know my own dignity too well to do any thing disgraceful; yet I would acquire the knowledge that he loves me, at almost any price. But he is cold," added she, sinking again into despondence, "he is a piece of obstinate petrefaction, which heaven itself could not melt!"

Lady Tinemouth was glad to hear this account of Thaddeus; and began to take a little confidence from his side; but just as she was preparing to speak farther, the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Euphemia Dundas was announced.

Lady Sara gave the little beauty such a withering look, when she expressed her amazement at not seeing Mr. Constantine, that, had her ladyship's eyes been Medusean,

scan, poor Euphemia would, ever after, have stood there, a stone statue of disappointment.

Mean-while, the count having seen Dr. Cavendish, and received a favourable opinion of his friend, wrote the following note to Miss Euphemia; and then arranged his dress, before he proceeded to Grosvenor Place.

"*To Miss Euphemia Dundas.*

"Mr. Constantine very much admires the taste of Miss Euphemia Dundas, in the choice of those verses, which she did him the honour of requesting he would translate into the most expressive language; and he has to the utmost of his abilities, obeyed her commands in Italian, thinking that the best adapted, both for versification and the subject.

"Mr. Constantine equally admires the style of the medallion, which Miss E. Dundas condescended to enclose for his

inspection, and assures her that the letters are correct."

When the count entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, he saw that his young *enamorata* was already arrived, and in close conversation with the countess. Lady Sara, now that the discovery was made, thought it unnecessary to put any restraint on her temper before her ladyship. Seating herself alone on a sofa, she was inwardly upbraiding Constantine, for what she termed an absolute assignation with Euphemia, when his name was announced.

Her half resentful eyes, yet swimming in the tears, which her discourse with Lady Tinemouth had occasioned, sought his averted face, which was regarding Miss Dundas with a look of surprise and disgust. This pleased her; and the more so, as he only slightly bowed to her rival, shook the countess by the hand, and then return-

returning, took his station beside her on the sofa.

She would not trust her triumphant eyes to wander towards Lady Tinemouth, but immediately asked him some trifling question. At the same moment, Euphemia tapped him on the arm with her fan, and inquired how it happened that she had arrived first.

He answered Lady Sara. Euphemia impatiently repeating her demand, "How did it happen that I arrived first?"—"I suppose, madam," replied he, smiling, "because you were so fortunate as to set out first. I do not believe, that I am ever with Lady Tinemouth before eight; and now, it wants five minutes of the hour. But had I been so happy as to have preceded you, I should certainly have executed your commands, and have delivered your message and present to Lady Tinemouth. I hope your ladyship will permit me to do it now?" said he, rising, and taking Euphemia's rose from his button as he ap-

proached the countess;---"Miss Euphemia Dundas has done me the honour to make me the bearer of *sweets to the sweet;* and thus I surrender my trust." He bowed, and put the flower into Lady Tinemouth's hand, who smiled, and thanked Euphemia. But the little beauty blushed like her own rose; and murmuring within herself, at the literal mind of her favourite, whom she thought as handsome as Cimon, and as stupid too, she flirted her fan, and asked Miss Egerton, whether she had read Charlotte Smith's last delightful novel.

The evening passed off more agreeably to the count, than he had augured from the scene, that presented itself on his entrance. Lady Sara always gave him pain; Miss Euphemia teased him to death; but, to-night, the storm which had agitated the breast of her ladyship, having subsided into thoughtfulness, it imparted so abstracted an air to her ever lovely countenance, that Sobieski, merely to elude

clude communication with Euphemia, remained near her; and by paying those attentions, which he could not avoid, he so deluded the wretched Lady Sara, as to subdue her melancholy into that enchanting softness, which rendered her the most captivating of women.

The only person present who did not approve the change was Lady Tinemouth. At every dissolving smile of her Circean ladyship, she beheld the intoxicating cup at the lips of Thaddeus, and dreaded its effect. Euphemia was too busily employed, repeating some new poems; and too intensely dreaming of what her tutor might say on the verses and medallion; to observe the dangerous ascendancy which the superior charms of Lady Sara might acquire over the breast of Constantine. Indeed, she had no suspicion of finding a rival in her ladyship; and when a servant announced the arrival of her mother's coach, and she saw by her watch,

that it was twelve o'clock, she rose reluctantly, exclaiming,

"I dare say some plaguing people have arrived, who are to stay with us, else mamma would not have sent for me so soon."

"I call it late:" said Lady Sara, who would not lose any opportunity of contradicting her, "So I will thank you, Mr. Constantine," addressing herself to him, "to hand me to my coach at the same time."

Euphemia bit her lip at this movement of her ladyship; and followed her down stairs, reddening with anger. She got into her carriage, but would not suffer the servant to close the door until she had seen Lady Sara seated in hers; then, calling to Mr. Constantine, she desired him to come into the coach.

Lady Sara leaned her head out of the window. As she saw the man whom she loved, step into Lady Dundas's carriage, she,

she, in her turn, bit her lips almost through with vexation.

"Home, my Lady?" asked the servant, touching his hat.

"No, not till Miss Dundas's coach drives on."

Miss Euphemia desired Thaddeus to come in for a moment; and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Mr. Constantine!" cried the pretty simpleton, trembling with expectation, "have you opened the paper I gave you?"

"Yes, madam," returned he, holding the door open, and widening it with one hand as he spoke—whilst, with the other, he presented his note, "and I have the honour, in that paper, to have executed your commands."

Euphemia caught it eagerly; and Thaddeus immediately leaping out, wished her a good night, and hurried back into the house. Whilst the carriages drove away, he ascended to the drawing-room to take leave of the countess.

Lady Tinemouth, seated on the sofa, was leaning thoughtfully, against one of its arms, when he re-entered. He approached her.

" I wish you a good night Lady Tinemouth."

She turned her head.

" Mr. Constantine, I wish you would stay a little longer with me! My spirits are disturbed, and I am afraid it will be near morning before Maria returns from Richmond. These rural balls are sad dissipated amusements!"

Thaddeus laid down his hat, and took a seat by her side.

" I am happy, dear Lady Tinemouth, at all times to be with you; but I am sorry to hear, that you have met with any thing to discompose you. I was afraid, when I came in, that something disagreeable had happened; your eyes—"

" Alas! if my eyes were always to shew when I have been weeping, they might ever be telling tales!" Her ladyship

ship passed her hand across her eyes, as she spoke, and added, "we may think on our sorrows with an outward air of tranquillity; but we cannot always speak of them, without shewing that the subject gives us agitation."

"Ah, Lady Tinemouth!" exclaimed the count, drawing closer to her, "Could not even your sensible heart escape calamity?"

"To cherish a sensible heart my young friend," replied she, "is not a very effectual way to oppose the pressure of affliction. On the reverse, such a temper extracts unhappiness from causes, which might escape dispositions of less susceptibility. Ideas of sensibility, and sympathy, are pretty toys for a novice to play with; but change those wooden swords into weapons of real mettle, and you will find the points through your heart, before you are aware of the danger. At least, I found it so. Mr. Constantine, I have frequently promised to explain to you,

the reason of the sadness, which so often tinges my conversation; indeed, I know not when I shall be in a fitter humour to indulge myself at your expence, for I never was more wretched, never stood more in need of the consolation of a friend."

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and remained so for some time. Thaddeus pressed her hand several times, and waited in respectful silence until she recommenced.

"Forgive me, my dear sir; I am very low to-night—very nervous. Having encountered two or three distressing circumstances to day, these tears relieve me. You have heard me speak of my son, and of my lord; yet I never collected resolution to recount, how we were separated. This morning, I saw my son pass my window, he looked up, but the moment I appeared, he turned away, and hastened down the street. Though I have received many stronger proofs of dislike, both from his

his father and himself, yet, slight as this offence may seem, it pierced me to the heart. O, Mr. Constantine, to know that the child to whom I gave life, regards me with abhorrence, is dreadful—is beyond even the anxious partiality of a mother, either to excuse or palliate!"

"Perhaps, dear Lady Tinemouth, you misjudge Lord Harwold; he may be under the commands of his father, and yet, inwardly, long to shew you his affection and duty."

"No, Mr. Constantine, your heart is too good to know what may be the guilt of another. Gracious Heaven! am I obliged to speak so of my own son! He who was my darling! He who once loved me so dearly! But, hear me, my dear sir; you shall judge for yourself; and you will wonder that I am now alive to endure more. I have suffered by him, by his father, and by a dreadful woman, who not only tore my husband and children from me, but stood by till I was beaten to the

ground. Yes, Mr. Constantine, any humane man would shudder, as you do, at such an assertion; but it is too true. Soon after Lady Sophia Lovel became the mistress of my Lord, and persuaded him to take my son from me, I heard that the poor boy had fallen ill through grief, and lay sick at his lordship's house in Hampshire. I heard he was dying. Imagine my agonies. Wild with distress, I flew to the lodge, and, forgetful of any thing but my child, was hastening across the park, when I saw this woman, this Lady Sophia, approaching me, followed by two female servants. One of them carried my daughter, then an infant, in her arms; and the other, a child of which this unnatural wretch had recently become the mother. I was flying towards my little Albina to clasp her to my heart, when Lady Sophia caught hold of my arm. Her voice now rings in my ears. 'Woman!' cried she, 'leave this place, or you shall be compelled to do so.'

"Strug-

"Struggling in vain to break from her, I implored, only to be permitted to embrace my child; but she held me fast, and, regardless of my cries, ordered both the women to return into the house. Driven to despair, I dropped on my knees, conjuring her, by her feelings as a mother, to allow me for one moment to see my dying son; and that I would promise, by my hopes of everlasting happiness, to cherish her child as my own, should it ever stand in need of a friend. The horrid woman only laughed at my prayers, and left me lying in a swoon upon the grass. When I recovered, the first objects I beheld were my Lord and Lady Sophia standing near me, and myself in the arms of a man servant, whom they had commanded to carry me outside of the gate. At the sight of my husband, I sprang to his feet, when, with one dreadful blow of his hand, he knocked me to the ground. Merciful providence! I wonder that I retained my senses! I be-

beseeched him to give me a second blow, that I might suffer no more,

" 'Take her out of my sight,' cried he, 'she is mad.'

"I was taken out of his sight, more dead than alive; and led by his pitying servants to an inn, where I was afterwards confined three weeks with a brain fever. From that hour, I never knew a day of health."

Thaddeus was shocked beyond utterance, at this relation. The paleness of his countenance being the only reply he made to her ladyship, she resumed.

"I have gone out of order. I proposed to inform you clearly of my situation, but the principal outrage of my heart rose immediately to my lips. I will commence regularly, if I can methodize my recollection.

"The Earl of Tinemouth married me from passion: I will not sanctify his emotions by the name of affection; though," added

added she, forcing a smile, whilst turning her head towards the looking-glass, she put aside the crape veil which shaded her face, "these faded features too plainly declare, *that of all mankind, I loved but him alone!*" I was just fifteen when he came to visit my father, who lived in Berkshire. My father, Mr. Cumnor, and his father, Lord Harwold, had been friends at college. My lord, then Mr. Stanhope, was young, handsome, and captivating. He remained the autumn with us; and at the end of that period, declared an affection for me, which my own heart too readily answered. About this time he received a summons from his father, and we parted. Like most girls of my age, I cherished an unconquerable bashfulness against admitting any confidant in my attachment; hence my parents knew nothing of the affair, until it burst upon them in the cruelest shape.

"About two months after Mr. Stanhope's departure, a letter arrived from him, urging

urging me to fly to Scotland. He alleged as a reason for such a step, that his grandfather, the Earl of Tinemouth, insisted on his forming a union with Lady Sophia Lovel, who was a young widow, and the favourite niece of the most powerful nobleman in the kingdom. Upon this demand, he told the earl, on whom his affections were placed. His lordship, whose passions were those of a madman, broke out into such horrible execrations, of myself and family, as Mr. Stanhope confessed, made him forget his duty; and he peremptorily swore, that no power on earth should compel him, either to marry so notorious a woman as Lady Sophia Lovel, or to give up me. He concluded, with repeating his entreaties that I would consent to go with him to Scotland. The subject of this letter alarmed me, and I shewed it to my parents. My father answered it in a manner befitting his own character, but he irritated the impetuous passions of my lover, almost to phrenzy. In short, in a pa-

paroxysm of rage, he flew to his grandfather, upbraided him with the ruin of his happiness; and so exasperated the old man, that he drew his sword upon him; and had it not been for the interference of Lord Harwold, a most fatal catastrophe might have ensued. To end the affair at once, Lord Harwold, whose gentle nature embraced the mildest measures, obtained the earl's permission to send Mr. Stanhope abroad.

"Meanwhile, I was upheld by my father, who is now no more, in firmly rejecting my lover's entreaties for a private marriage. As Stanhope's grandfather was equally deaf to all compromise, he at length was persuaded, by his excellent father, to accompany a relation to France.

"At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Stanhope began to regard his cousin as a spy; and after a violent quarrel they parted, no one knowing to what quarter my lover directed his steps. I believe I was the first who heard any tidings of him. I remember

remember well, it was in 1771, about three-and twenty years ago, that I received a letter from him; (O! how legibly are these circumstances written in my memory!) it was dated from Italy, where he told me that he had resided in absolute retirement, during the period of his banishment, under the assumed name of Sackville."

At this name, Thaddeus evinced the most violent emotions of horror; and, with every feature fixed in dismay, fell back on the sofa.

The countess caught hold of his hand.

"What is the matter? For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?"

The bolt of indelible disgrace had struck to his heart; it was some minutes before he could recover; but when he did speak, he said, "Pray go on madam. I am subject to spasms in my breast. Pray forgive me, and go on; I shall become better as you proceed."

"No, my dear friend; I will quit my dismal story at present, and resume it some other time." "Pray,

"Pray, continue it now," rejoined Thaddeus; "I shall never be more fit to listen. Do, I entreat you."

"Are you sincere in your request? I fear I have already tired you."

No; I am sincere; let me hear it all. Do not hold back any thing which relates to that barbarian Englishman who married *you!*"

"Alas he did," resumed her ladyship; "for when he returned, which was in consequence of the earl of Tinemouth's death, my father was also dead, who might have stood between me and my inclinations, and so preserved me, from many succeeding sorrows. I sealed my fate, and became his wife.

"The father of my husband was now earl of Tinemoth; and, as he had never been averse to our union, he presented me with a cottage on the banks of the Wye, where I passed three delightful years, the happiest of womankind. My husband, my mother, and my infant son, formed my felicity;

felicity; and greatly I prized it; too greatly to be allowed a long continuance!

"At the end of this period, some gay friends came down to visit us. When they returned to town, they persuaded my lord to be one in the party. He went, after much entreaty, because he expected that I should be confined in the course of three weeks. And, from that fatal day all my sufferings took their rise.

"Lord Harwold, instead of being with me in a fortnight, as he had promised, procrastinated his absence, under various excuses, from week to week, during which interval my Albina was born. Day after day I anticipated the delight of putting her into the arms of her father; but she was three months old before he appeared; and, ah! how changed. He was gloomy to me, uncivil to my mother, and hardly looked at the child."

Lady Tinemouth stopped at this part of her narrative to wipe away her tears. Thaddeus was sitting forward to the table, leaning

leaning on his arm, with his hand covering his face. The countess was grateful for an excess of sympathy, which she did not expect; and taking his other hand, as it lay motionless on his knee, "What a consolation would it be to me," exclaimed she, "durst I entertain a hope, that I may one day behold, but half of this pity in my son!"

Thaddeus only pressed her hand, he did not venture to reply; he could not tell her that she deceived herself even here, that he did not deplore only her misfortunes, but owed the agonies which were shaking him, to the injuries of his own mother, whom the villanous conduct of this very earl, under the name of Sackville, had devoted to a life of sorrow. He had derived existence from the husband of Lady Tinemouth! The conviction humbled him, crushed him, and trod him to the earth.

The countess resumed,—

"It would be impossible, my dear sir, to

to describe to you the gradual changes which assured me, that I had lost the heart of my husband. Before the end of the winter, he left me again; and I saw him no more, until that hour when he struck me to the ground.

"Lord Tinemouth came into Monmouthshire about six weeks after I parted with my lord. I was surprised and rejoiced to see my good father-in-law; but how soon were my emotions driven into a different course! He revealed to me, in the tenderest manner possible, that, during Lord Harwold's first visit to town, he had, unknown to him, been in the habit of spending entire evenings with Lady Sophia Lovel.

"'This woman,' added he, 'is the most artful creature breathing. In spite of her acknowledged dishonour, you well know that my deceased father would gladly have married her to my son; and now, it seems, actuated by revenge, she resents Lord Harwold's refusal of her hand,

hand, by seducing him from his wife. Alas! I am too well convinced that the errors in my son's temper bear a strict analogy with those of his grandfather. Impatient of contradiction, flattery can mould him to what shape it pleases. Lady Sophia has discovered these weak points in his character; and, I am informed by his steward, that she has persuaded him, that you impose on his affection, by detaining him from the world. This argument must have been well seconded by other fascinations, for in regard to beauty she is only moderate; yet she has succeeded, and my deluded son has accompanied her to Spain.'

"You may imagine, Mr. Constantine, my distraction at this intelligence. I was like one frantic; and Lord Tinemouth fearing to trust me in such despair out of his sight, brought us all with him to London. In less than four months afterwards, I was deprived of this inestimable friend by a paralytic stroke. His death

death summoned the new earl to England. Whilst I lay on a sick bed, into which I had been thrown by the shock, my lord and his mistress arrived.

"They immediately assumed the command of my lamented protector's house, and ordered my mother to clear it directly of me. My heart-broken parent obeyed, and I was carried, in a senseless state, to a lodging in the nearest street. But, when this dear mother returned for my children, neither of them were permitted to see her. The malignant Lady Sophia, actuated by an insatiable hatred of me, easily wrought on my frantic husband, (for I must believe him mad,) to detain them entirely. A short time after this, that dreadful scene happened, which I have before described.

"Year succeeded year, during which time I received many cruel insults from my husband, many horrible ones from my son; for I had been advised to institute a suit against my lord, in which I only pleaded

pleaded for the return of my children. I lost my cause, owing, I hope, to bad counsel, not to the laws of my country. I was adjudged to be separated from the earl, with a maintenance of six hundred a-year, which he hardly pays. I was tied down never to speak to him, his son, or his daughter. Though this sentence was passed, I never acknowledged its justice, but wrote several times to my children. Lord Harwold, who is too deeply infected with his father's cruelty, has either returned my letters unopened, or with insulting replies. For my daughter, she keeps an undeviating silence; and I have not even seen her, since that moment, when she was hurried from my eyes in Tinemouth Park.

"In vain her brother tries to convince me that she detests me; I will not believe it; and the hope, that should I survive her father, I may yet embrace my child, has been, and will be, my source of com-

fort until it be fulfilled, or I bury my disappointment in the grave."

Lady Tinemouth put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again flowing with tears. Thaddeus thought he must speak, if he would not betray an interest in her narrative, which he determined no circumstance should ever humble him to reveal; and, raising his head from his hand, unconsciously discovered to the countess, his dry and blood-shot eyes, flushed cheek, and convulsed lip.

"Kind, sympathizing Constantine! surely such a heart as thine never would bring sorrow to the breast of a virtuous husband!"

These were her ladyship's thoughts, though she did not give them utterance. Thaddeus rose from his seat.

"Farewell, Lady Tinemouth," said he, taking his hat, "may Heaven bless you, and pardon your husband!"

Then grasping her hand, with what he intended should be a pressure of friendship,

ship, but which his internal tortures rendered almost intolerable, he hastened down stairs, opened the outward door, and got into the street.

Unknowing and heedless whither he went, with the steps of a man driven by the furies, he traversed first one street, and then another. As he went along, in vain the watchmen reminded him, by their cries, that it was past three o'clock; he still wandered on, forgetting that it was night, that he had any home, any destination.

His father was discovered! That father, who, notwithstanding his guilt, he had entertained a latent hope, should they ever meet, might produce some excuse, for having been betrayed into an act disgraceful to a man of honour. But when all these filial dreams were blasted by the conviction that he owed his being to the husband of Lady Tinemouth; that his mother was the victim of a profligate; that he had sprung from a man, who was not

not merely a villain, but the most wanton, the most despicable of villains; he saw himself bereft of hope, and overwhelmed with shame and horror.

Full of reflections, which none other than a son in such circumstances can conceive, he was lost amidst the obscure alleys of Tottenham-court-road, when loud and frequent cries recalled his attention. A quantity of smoke, with flashes of light, led him to suppose that they were occasioned by a fire; and, a few steps farther, the tremendous spectacle burst upon his sight.

It was a house, from the windows of which the flames were breaking out with the most alarming rapidity; whilst the people around, were either standing in stupified astonishment, or uselessly shouting for engines and assistance.

At the moment in which the count arrived, two or three naked wretches, just escaped from their beds, were flying from side to side, making the air echo with their shrieks. "Will

"Will nobody save my children?" cried one of them, approaching Thaddeus, and wringing her hands in an agony, "Will nobody take them from the fire?"

"Where shall I seek them?" replied he.

"Oh! in that room," exclaimed she, pointing, "the flames are already there; they will be burnt! they will be burnt!"

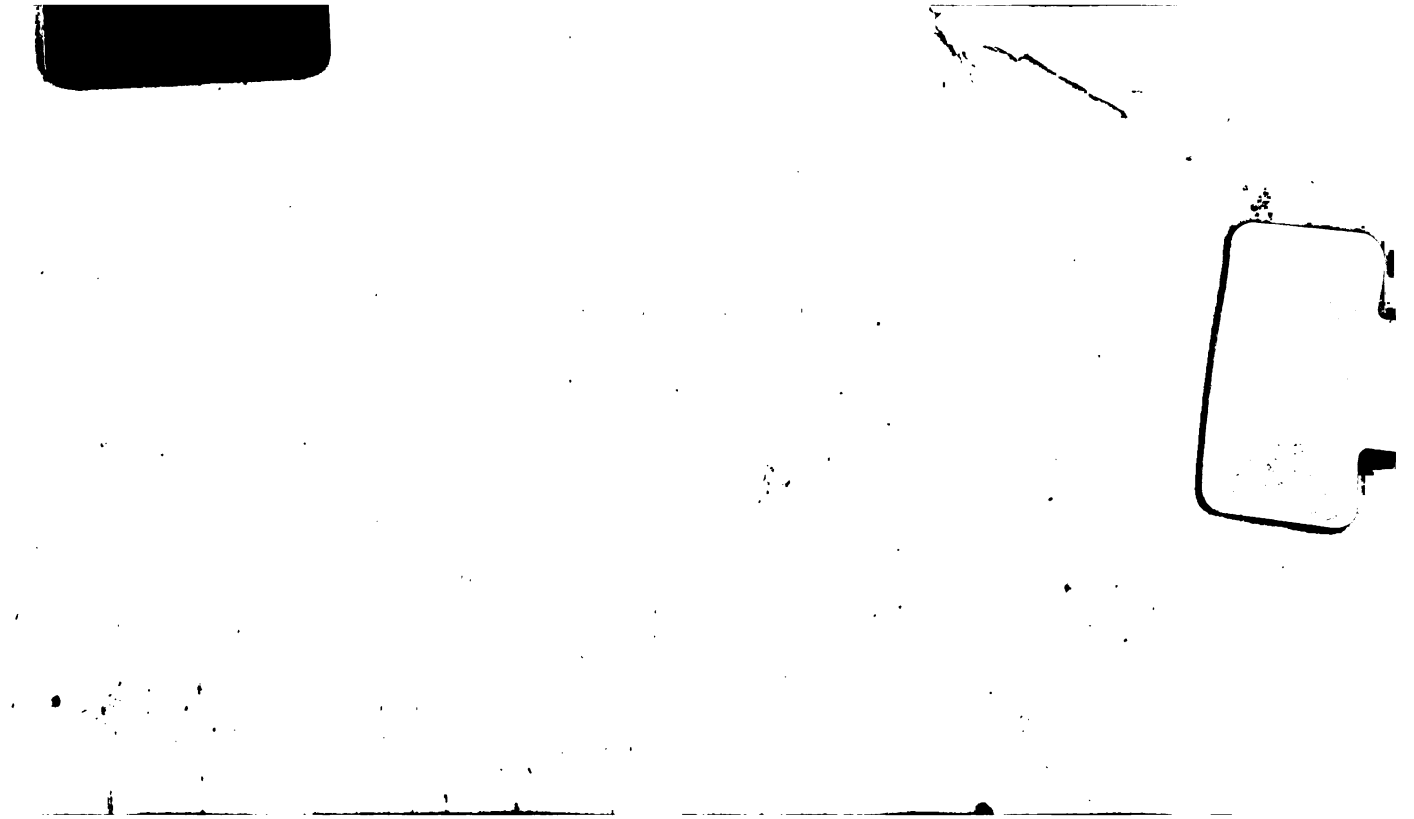
The poor woman was hurrying frantically forward, when the count stopped her, and giving her in charge to a bye-stander, "Take care of this woman," cried he; "I will save her children, if possible." Darting through the open door,—in defiance of the smoke and danger, he made his way to the children's room: where almost suffocated by the sulphureous cloud that surrounded him, he at last found the bed, but it only contained one of the children. This he instantly caught up in his arms, and was hastening down stairs, when the cries of the

the other, from a distant part of the building, made him hesitate; but, thinking it better to secure one, than to hazard both by lingering, he got into the street just as a post-chaise had stopped to inquire the particulars of the accident. The carriage door being open, and Thaddeus seeing people in it, without saying a word, threw the sleeping infant into their laps, and hastened back into the house, where he hoped to rescue the other before the fire could increase.

The flames having now made a dreadful progress, and scorched his face, hands, and clothes, as he flew from room to room, following the shrieks of the child, who seemed to change its situation with every exertion that he made to reach it. At length, when every moment he expected the house would sink under his feet, he directed his steps, as a last attempt, along a passage, which he had not before observed, and, to his great joy, beheld the object of his search, flying down

down a back stair-case. The boy sprung into his arms; and Thaddeus, turning round, leaped from one landing-place to another, until he found himself in the street, and surrounded by a concourse of people.

He saw the poor mother clasp the rescued child to her breast; and, whilst the spectators were loading her with congratulations, he left the crowd;—and proceeded homewards, with a warmth at his heart, which made him forget, in the joy of a benevolent action, that petrifying shock, which had been occasioned by the vices of one too nearly allied to his being, to be hated without horror.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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